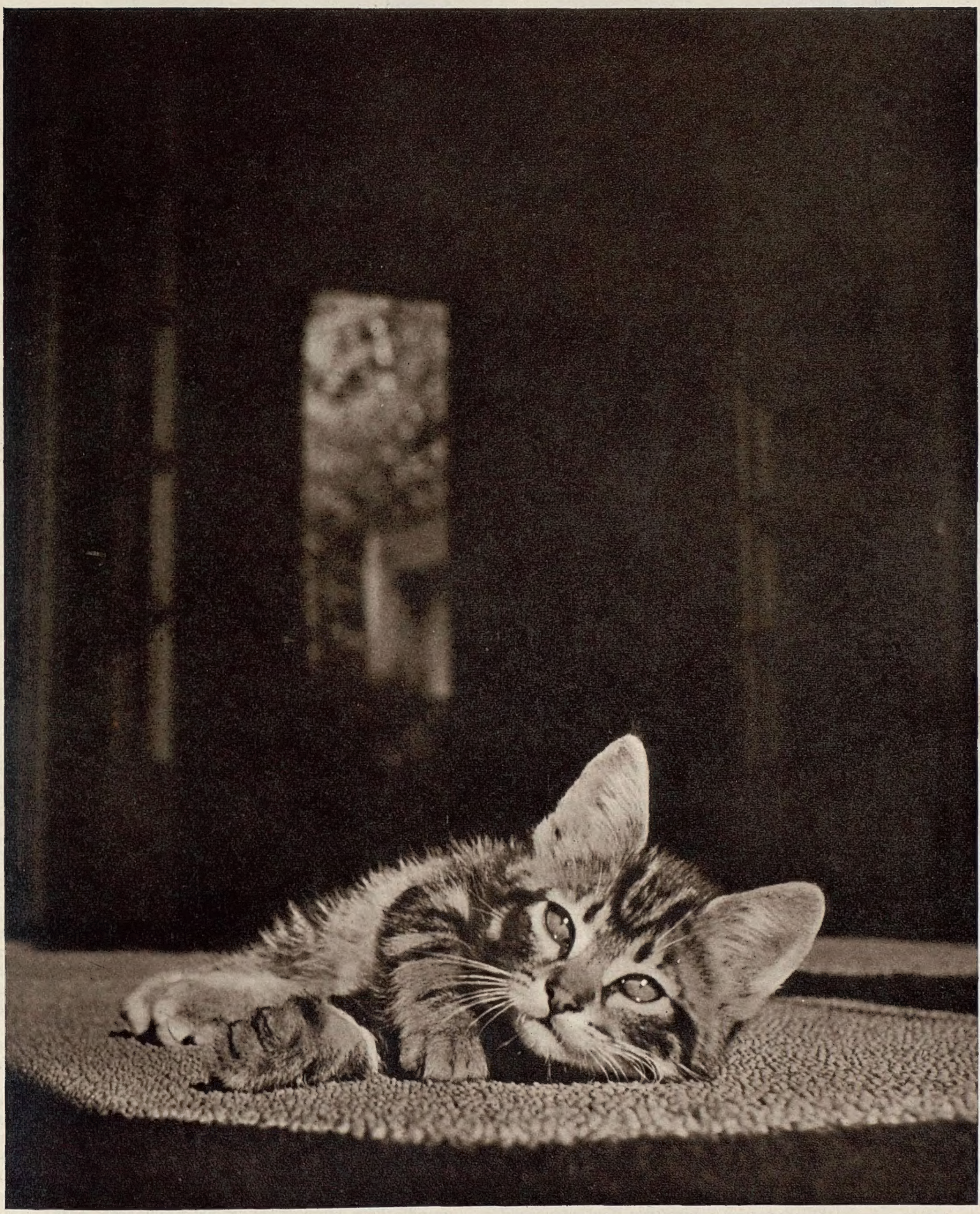
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1954.
Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.



Photograph by Suschitzky.

"A HARMLESS NECESSARY CAT"

All cats are born with an unerring instinct for finding a Place in the Sun, and Suschitzky's infant feline seems to have the instinct developed to a high degree. This delightful study is from a recent London exhibition of the work of this talented photographer, who has gained renown in his field for his brilliant studies of animals and children.

E

"CHRISTMAS SHOPPING"—by Norman Clark.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

ONCE again the Christmas Shopping Number of *The Sketch* gives me a sense of impending guilt. That is to say, there is not the least likelihood that even this admirable reminder will make me any more provident in the matter of buying Christmas presents in advance. "Procrastination," as tycoons—if sufficiently literate—are liable happily to remark, "is the thief of time." The bulbs that should have been put in bowls in September to flower at Christmas are sprouting reproachfully at me on a not very nutritive diet of paper bags. In only one thing have we taken thought for the future. All our Christmas cards are there, ready printed, in order to avoid those immensely expensive last-minute airmail charges to the States and elsewhere. There are lots of them, and I feel sure that by about December 20th they will be despatched. In the meantime, I wish all our readers joy of the admirable and unusual bargains which will long have vanished from the shops by the time I get around to it!

THIS is the banqueting season *par excellence*—the time of the year when big men in the City start stropping their livers in preparation for the real trials of Christmas and the New Year. Some of them, particularly those connected with the motor industry, have already taken a thrashing. On the eve of the closing of the Motor Show, for instance, I happened to meet a number of friends in that industry. After ten days of wining, dining and cocktailing, they looked like the haggard remnants of a beaten army.

Among the more agreeable recent dinners was the Vintage Festival Banquet of the Wine and Spirits Association of Great Britain. This was held in the Vintners' Hall. The company was pleasant, the dinner excellent, except in one or two surprising particulars. We had a Chambolle Musigny 1934, which should have been superb. Unfortunately, in their spare time the wine butlers (or those who were acting in that capacity for the nonce in Vintners' Hall) must be enthusiasts in Swedish club drill. For only expert twirling of the bottles round the head before decanting could have produced so many "frogs" as to render the wine opaque.

Following this there appeared on the menu Quinta Noval (Nacional Grape) 1934. A leading shipper sitting opposite us gave us a little dissertation on this remarkable port. The small vineyard of Quinta Noval, in the Oporto district, is the only European vineyard which, by some freak of chance, has never suffered from the phylloxera, that unpleasant little bug which eats at the roots of vines, and which, if it had not been for the grafting of phylloxera-resistant American vines, would have destroyed all wine-growing in Europe in the years from 1876 onwards.

Our knowledgeable friend discoursed at length on the characteristics of the port we were drinking, pointing out to us that the nose, colour, the body were all typical of this rare wine—which is only now grown as a curiosity. "You see," said he, while we reverently sniffed, squinnied at and mouthed the wine, "we now have the privilege of knowing what our fathers and grandfathers enjoyed as a pre-phylloxera port." My host, Alfred Hasslacher, murmured to me: "The nose is all right, but I am not altogether sure that I like this wine, historic as it may be. I think it is a bit young. At any rate, I find it a little harsh to the palate." How right he was! For when Mr. Jack Rutherford responded to the toast of "Wine," he began by

apologising on behalf of the organisers of the dinner for the fact that, owing to the dock strike, the Quinta Noval could not be got out of bond until the previous Wednesday, so that we had had to be fobbed off with this " rather nasty 1931 " port instead. Being a kindly soul, I did not even have the heart to look in the direction of our late lecturer.

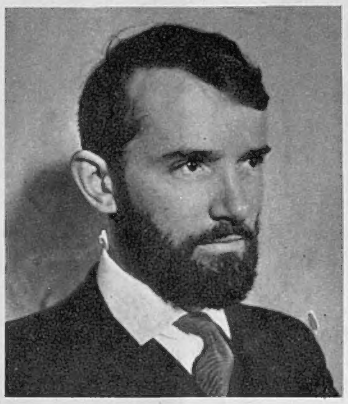
THE 1900 Club dinner is always an agreeable, or, as the Chairman said, a family occasion. I have often referred to Lord Mancroft's admirable capacity as a public speaker, but I must say that on this occasion he excelled himself. He had an audience which consisted very largely of Members of the two Houses—who are active in politics, and, therefore, are the more difficult in that they like the sound of their own voices—rolling in the aisles.

I remember going, during my first term at Oxford, to hear Lloyd George speak at the Union, in what was, I believe, the all-time record for an audience there. I came away enthused. A friend who had not been to the meeting said: " What was it like ? " " Wonderful ! " I exclaimed. " And what did he say ? " he asked. This foxed me. " Well—er, he said—er—well—er—well, he was simply wonderful."

Stormont's speech the other night was so full of wisecracks that to repeat them would fill this column twice over. I liked particularly his reference to the fact that " our honest treasurer, Mr. Ronnie Warlow " would not allow him to mention the state of the Club's finances, for if they became known " Mr. Samuel or Mr. Charles Clore might take us over, amalgamate us with the Athenæum or the Coconut Grove and run the whole thing by post from Manchester."

I shall be seeing many of the old chums who were there on that occasion at the Dark Blue Ball which is to be held on December 10th in aid of the Oxford University Conservative Association. The *venue* is the house of Alan and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd at 34, Chapel Street, and it appears to be supported by all the top brass among the Tories. I imagine that the numbers will be limited, even though Alan and Patsy's house is a big one by the standards of modern London private houses. Young Conservatives from Oxford will be able to admire one aspect of the Colonial Secretary's private activities. He has in the house the most remarkable collection—whether from the historical or the curious point of view—of walking sticks in the country.

OUR COVER ARTIST



Claude Harrison's name is so well known that we ourselves were surprised to discover that he is only thirty-two. Since he started painting for a living five years ago, most of his work has been commissioned, but for three years his romantic, imaginative, frequently rather surrealistic landscapes peopled by gay, strangely-dressed children have been creeping into the Royal Academy. He and his artist-wife, Audrey Johnson, live in Windermere, working together in their old mill studios on fabric designs, inn signs, mural decorations for schools and a host of other equally interesting endeavours. Five years in the R.A.F. probably developed in Claude Harrison a taste for flying, for his thoughts are obviously still very much in the clouds: his world is just a mite unreal—his small son, Toby, figures in many of his paintings, but never quite as Toby, if you know what we mean . . . And there's a distinctly nose-pressed-to-the-glass feeling about that cover painting which convinces us that our artist believes, quite firmly, in Santa Claus.

ANOTHER dinner and dance which, alas! I shall not be able to attend is the Kandahar Ski Club dinner on December 2nd. I am indebted to my old friend Doreen Elliott, one of the finest British women skiers in the late '20s and early '30s, for her delightful contribution in the Kandahar Ski Club Journal, which reached me at the same time as the notice of the dinner (*Mem.:* to Patricia Raeburn, the Hon. Secretary: " Dear Patricia, I wish you could have let me know earlier. I would certainly have switched the date of my other engagement "). In Wengen Station in January, 1926, a notice, according to Doreen, appeared as follows:

It is brought to the notice of all sports persons as follows by the Railway Direktion . . .

That peoples should dismount from ski before entering sportstrains and remove same one from trains before alighting to sport. . . .

All ski should be tied by twos to point of depart to avoid danger of heads and other limbs. . . .

It is expressly forbidden to be run over by the sports trains. . . .

It is forbidden to hold overhead rails, on pain of death. . . .

Passengers wishing to open the windows of the cars can only do so with the consent of the other passengers and, in the event of a dispute, the decision of the conductor shall be final, and the window SHUT !

It is forbidden to play at snowballs with the driver of the sportstrains.

It is forbidden to arrest the train at no station.

All snow must be left at the station of depart: sports-passengers must not melt in the cars.

DINING with Sir Edward and Lady Keeling the other day our fellow-guests included Miss Agatha Christie and her husband, Mr. H. E. L. Hallowan. Being an Agatha Christie fan, I asked her the inevitable question, of which she must get so tired, as to whether she found it difficult to think up her ingenious plots. She replied surprisingly that she did not find it at all difficult. " But," she added, " what I do find difficult is finding the energy to do the actual writing." I suppose that if you live in a comfortable house in the country, it is only by the strictest self-discipline that you can arrive at the ideal of writing one or two thousand words a day. I suppose, too, that Balzac, who drank eighteen pots of coffee a day, and Charles Dickens, who wrote his first two great novels simultaneously, have been the greatest self-disciplinarians in that way, though of our time I should have said that Sir Arthur Bryant, among my author friends, must run them pretty close.

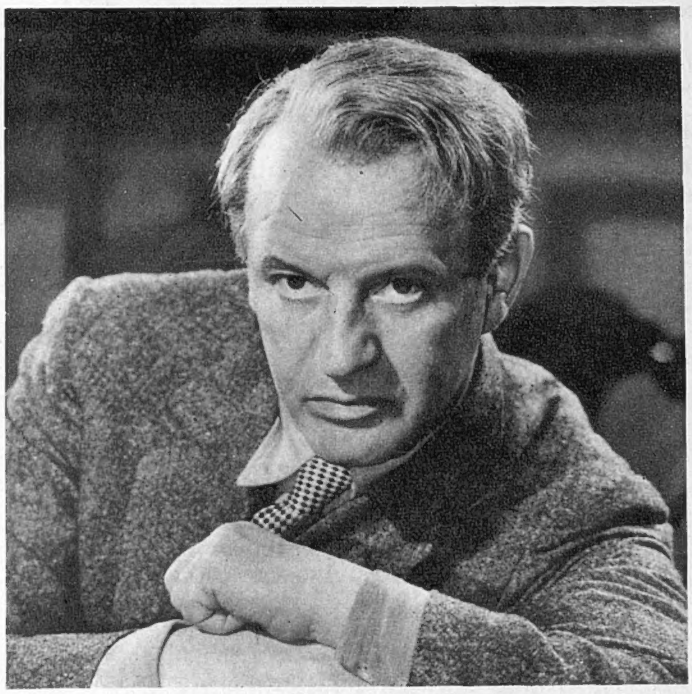
In a certain room in " K " Keeling's house there is a most remarkable coloured picture of the surrender of Kut in World War I., as seen through Turkish eyes. " K " was in the siege of Kut, and took part in the " death march " to Turkey proper. He picked up the pictures after World War I. for a penny in a bazaar in Damascus, but I now understand that they are worth anything from £2 to £5 each as curiosities. It shows General Townsend surrendering his sword to the Turkish commander-in-chief, with some very depressed-looking British officers in the background. As it turned out, the officers had every reason to be depressed, for of all the British and Imperial prisoners taken by the Turks in World War I., over 70 per cent. died in prison camps.

ONE of the sad things about being fond of animals is the comparative shortness of their lives. The other day Michael, the gormless blue roan spaniel who, you may remember, once caused the death, through apoplexy, of an old warrior of a cock pheasant by sitting on him, died after a three-weeks illness. He was one of the most kindly, most sentimental slop-dogs of all the spaniel tribe. Some day somebody should collect an anthology of well-loved and lovable dogs, to include, of course, Charles II.'s " pretty Spaniells " and such lesser-known animals as Beaumont, the hound whose death is so movingly described in that delightful fantasy of English mediæval life, *The Sword in the Stone*, by T. H. White. Perhaps such an anthology exists. If it does I do not know of it.

I HAVE received two letters arising out of my recent note on the auction at Sotheby's in aid of the Greek Earthquake Appeal. Both are from old friends. One, from Mrs. Maria Carras, is extremely cross; the other, from Sir Clifford Norton whose wife " Peter," like Maria, put in so many months of devoted work into preparing it, was sorrowful.

Alas! that my flippancies in reporting what some of those who had been to the function said of it should have hurt anybody's feelings. Still, the charity is an admirable one, and those who worked so hard for it can be happy that the " end product " —the very large sum of money raised—was equally to be admired.

"Table by the Window"



Eric Portman as Mr. Martin. Once he had a wife whom he loved too violently; he was sent to prison for attacking her, and his marriage and a promising political career fell to pieces. Now he is a journalist, poor and often drunk, living in a private hotel.

Shocked by his wife's arrival, Martin gets drunk, and offends Mrs. Railton-Bell (Phyllis Neilson-Terry).

Peter Glenville has directed Terence Rattigan's two one-act plays at the St. James's Theatre. The first is concerned with violence, with sacrifice, and (as are both plays) with loneliness. At the end, the audience is left with a question implicit: "Will they be happy?" The answer one gives depends as much on one's own character as on the characters of the play.

Deliberately Mrs. Shankland sets out to recapture Martin. Her coming to the hotel was not an accident, but she manages to persuade him that it was. And, deeply though he resents the fact, Martin is still in love with her.

"SKETCH"

SEPARATE

Margaret Leighton as Mrs. Shankland. A famous model, she was once Martin's wife. She has failed in marriage, and now she begins to grow old and lonely; her beauty is hard, and may soon begin to chip. Frightened, she comes to the hotel to search for her ex-husband.

Miss Cooper (Beryl Measor) is the hotel manageress. She loves Martin and has been his mistress. But she sees that although together Martin and Mrs. Shankland may destroy each other, apart they will certainly destroy themselves.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

PHOTO-CALL

TABLES

"Table Number Seven"

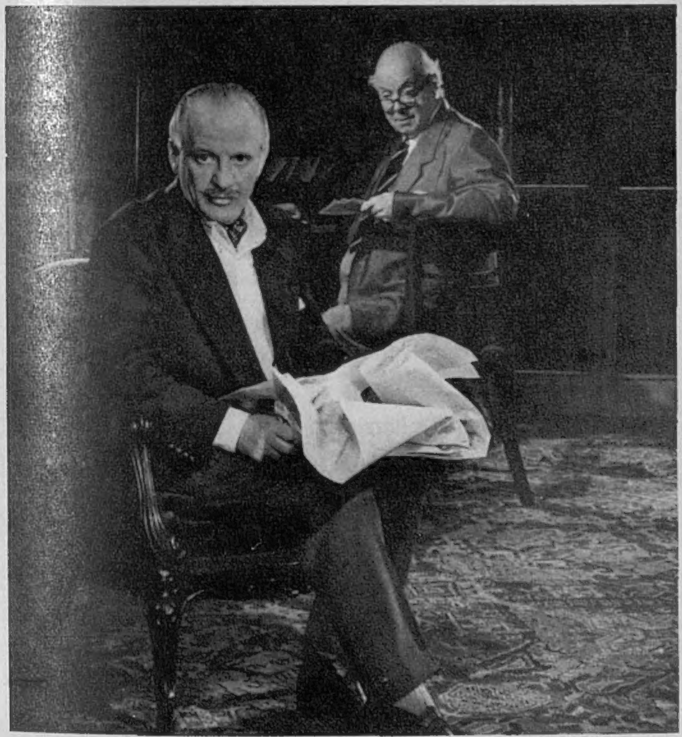
Margaret Leighton as Miss Railton-Bell. She has never been away from her mother; once she found a job of her own, but the work was "too much for her," because she is "delicate." She is shy of people and of life—especially of those aspects of it that are featured in some Sunday papers.

Eric Portman as Major Pollock. Also shy and lonely, the "Major" hides behind a bogus "public school and Army" exterior. But he contradicts himself and misquotes his Latin. The only hotel resident who does not see through him is Miss Railton-Bell.

In both plays at the St. James's beautiful performances by Miss Leighton and Mr. Portman are complemented by that of Miss Measor, who, alone of the characters, is less a person than a statement of faith. The question about the two protagonists of *Table Number Seven* is not, "Will they be happy?" but "Can they survive?" and Miss Measor seems to suggest that they can.

Photographs by Armstrong Jones.

Lady Matheson (Jane Eccles) and Mrs. Railton-Bell discover a scandal about the Major.



The scandal is reported in a paper which the Major tries to conceal. He has been found guilty of insulting behaviour to women in cinemas. "It is always strangers," he says later, "and always in the dark." (Aubrey Mather plays the retired schoolmaster.)

Mrs. Railton-Bell persuades the majority of the other residents that the Major must be asked to leave. She is not delicate in telling her daughter of his "crime," and the effect on Miss Railton-Bell is terrifying. The Major has been her only companion.

"BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE"

Our Children's Bookshelf

By G. B. STERN

GIFT-BOOKS for children should provoke love at first sight; and their titles, mattering more during the "Christmas rush" than at any other season, ought to be attractive and straightforward, and not fool about with subtleties that may give a misleading notion of what will be found inside. Thus *The Tiger Who Couldn't Eat Meat* is a first-class title by which to swing up a book and carry it away, for, indeed, it does relate of a tiger who would have been a formidable beast on a normal diet for tigers, but *meat*—he simply couldn't stomach it! Nancy Spain has provided coloured pictures which fit perfectly to the story, whether laid in India or later in South Kensington. Warmly recommended for the four-to-seven age group, and equally calling all grown-ups. . . . At Christmas we have to keep on using the word "grown-ups"; queer that there should be no alternative except "adults," which is far too stiff and bowing-from-the-waist; unless we dip our standard and employ such winsome wuff-wufferie as "Your Mummies and Daddies and Aunties and Uncles would *love* to give Billikins *The Tiger Who Couldn't Eat Meat.*

* * *

Discussion on the importance of reading matter for children will often produce the remark: "We must take care not to put *ideas* into their heads." On the other hand, if the right ideas can be painlessly inserted, reading may be quite a good thing to fill up the empties. But take as a warning that delightfully high-spirited book *The Three Jolly Mountaineers*, where Little Nin, an enterprising baby goat, stares at the broad back of Tumkins the cat, thinking how bouncy it would be to butt—"*and the more she gazed the more her small horns tickled because they were just beginning to grow.*"—The psychology is only too familiar, presenting a temptation not confined to baby goats alone. . . .

* * *

A Deer in the Family, illustrated by many photographs, displays an existence so engaging and friendly, so delicately poised between the world of human beings and wild life easily affrighted, charmingly reassured, that paradoxically this authentic chronicle of a newly-born doe found in the forest north of Copenhagen, reads like a fairy-tale, far too good to be true. It was taken home to live in a Hans Andersen cottage, sharing the family's food, playing with their dog, and given full liberty to come and go; once it vanished for a few weeks, and returned with twin fawns, saying, as it were: "Take care of them for me; you see, I have to spend a lot of time with their father in the woods. . . ." There is something very moving in its gentle trustfulness.

* * *

As a title, *Cotswold Holiday* is too regional, and fails to do justice to a first-class story; treasure-hunting has a universal appeal, and it would be a pity if this were discarded as a gift for juveniles because "they're not interested in the Cotswolds!" Judith, Paul and Richard have character; and their adventures tingle with surprises. Nevertheless, not here but elsewhere, I have noticed a tendency among juvenile gift-books this year to conceal pills in the jam; the pills are very skilfully concealed and the jam is the best jam, but all the same, the rising generation are obviously intended to profit unawares from their geographical, topographical, scientifical, ornithological, historical, anthropological and nutritional contents. Of course, it is undoubtedly interesting to be told that the word "salary" comes from the time when the Romans were given salt with their pay packets (a piece of information from *Eat, Drink and Grow Clever*, by A. B. Cunning, M.B.). Yet, for instance, Noel Streatfeild's *The Bell Family* contains no more of life's lessons than *Little Women, The Secret Garden, The House of Arden* and *The Railway Children.* And she has the same knack as those immortal story-tellers, Louisa M. Alcott, Frances Hodgson Burnett and E. Nesbit, of getting us absorbed in the fortunes of a cheerful, human, down-to-earth family.

* * *

Two further attractions for the ten-to-fourteens are *Carrigmore Castle* and *Graeme and the Dragon*, both beautifully written, and both including among the *dramatis personæ* that fantastic animal companion, affectionate and indispensable, but with wayward temperaments that make them at moments more of a problem to handle than any problem child. Odd, how often these creatures of fiction are portrayed with a healthy conceit of themselves; such as the cat, Tiffany, who when applauded for her enterprise and executive ability, merely smiled into her whiskers: "*Ah, we Tiffanys, we Tiffanys!*"—with some justification, for she it was who had unobtrusively kept guard over Kay, Colly and Charlotte during their dangerous quest for the missing Rune Stone which was to free Carrigmore Castle from its hateful invasion of rats and bats, and restore it to its old prosperity. Tiffany has endless wisdom and calm; as she herself remarked: "*Fussing catches no mice.*"

I must confess that before beginning at the beginning of *Graeme and the Dragon*, I happened to open it at page 29, where Graeme and Simon were collecting for Simon's mother's Jumble Sale, and thus by accident stumbled across "*a short thick house behind tall thick trees . . . with twinkling, piggy windows,*" clearly recognisable as a house where spells are likely to rear up from every mantelpiece ornament. This is a swift, exciting story enlivened by a dragon as swollen-headed as Kenneth Grahame's, and a lot more trouble to reduce except literally by means of a magic umbrella.

* * *

Much as I enjoyed all these books, I searched in vain among the collection for a good school story. Are they no longer sought after by the young? Where are the Head and the French Mistress and the New Girl—("Rather unruly, I'm afraid, but we shall see!")—the Essay Prize and the Midnight Feast and the Most Popular Prefect? Have they actually been ousted by *ponies*? I may be exaggerating when I say that I have been tendered hundreds of "pony books," but only very slightly. One with a difference, however, is about a little boy called Peter Tschaikowsky, who loved to canter at the head of an army of Cossack horsemen. . . . I wonder whether this glamorous account of Tschaikowsky's boyhood, with fascinating illustrations by Christine Price, will appeal to all children, or only those especially addicted to horses and music? And then it occurred to me how one of the most cherished volumes on my own nursery shelves had been *The Boy Mozart*, awarded to Gladys Stern as a Prize for Music—an award highly perplexing to those who know me now.

* * *

Which brings us to *Figures of Speech*, by Mervyn Peake, suitable only for those who have come-of-age, for it would considerably puzzle the very young whose sense of humour, let's face it, often lies on the crude side. A key to the pictures has been ingeniously placed at the end, not to help those clever chaps who would prefer to identify the Figures of Speech represented by Mr. Peake's drawings. Name three? Well: "*Cooling His Heels*"; "*Severing Relations*"; "*To Cut a Long Story Short.*" Take note, however, that if you attempt, as I did, to set out in order of merit, the funniest and then the next, *et seq.*, you will be led on to include the whole twenty-nine in no special order at all.

THE BOOKS REVIEWED

THE TIGER WHO COULDN'T EAT MEAT.
By Nancy Spain. (*Max Parrish; 6s.*)

THE THREE JOLLY MOUNTAINEERS.
By Cam. (*Collins; 5s.*)

A DEER IN THE FAMILY.
By John Hartmann. (*Michael Joseph; 5s.*)

COTSWOLD HOLIDAY.
By Winifred Finlay. (*George G. Harrap and Co. Ltd.; 7s. 6d.*)

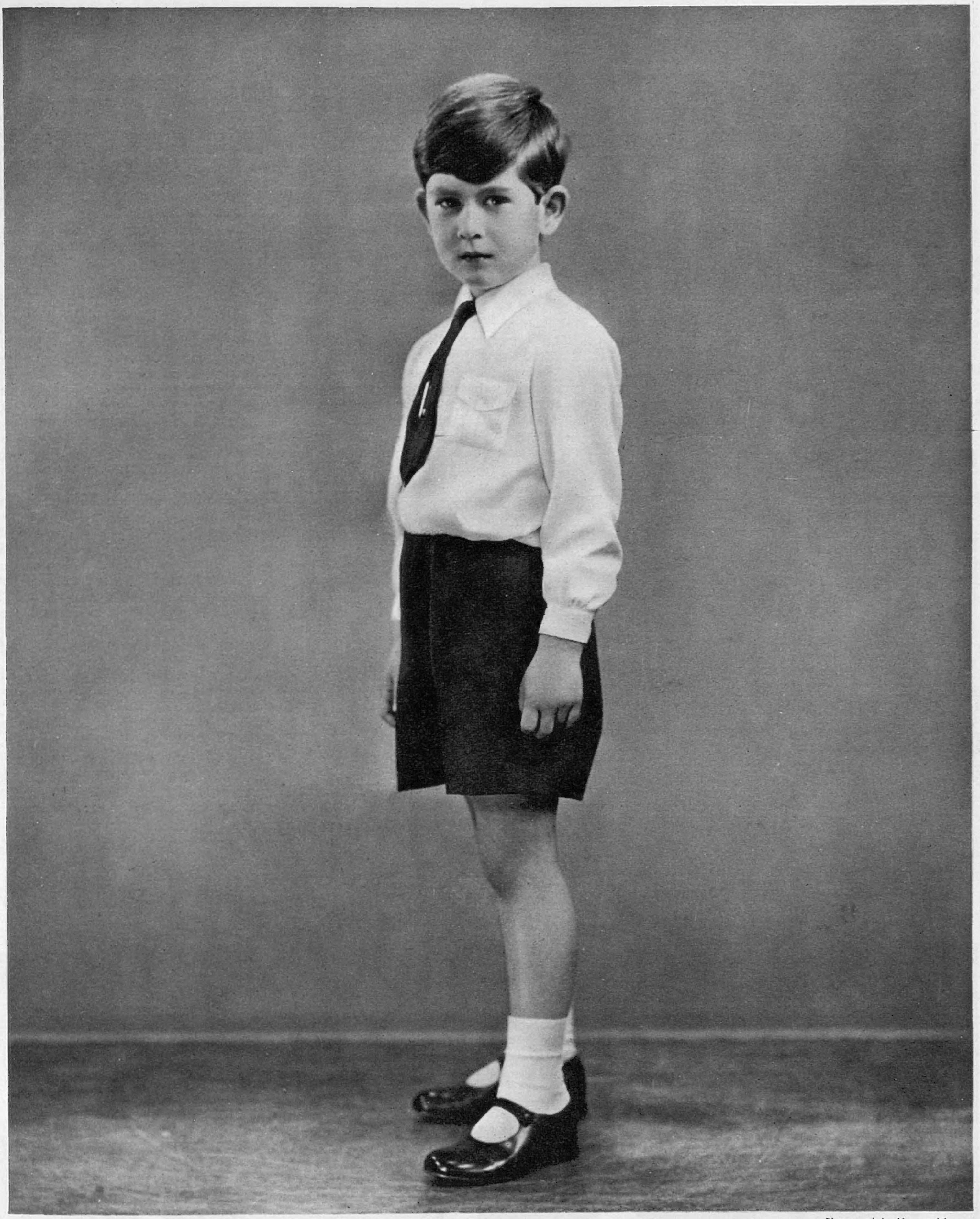
THE BELL FAMILY.
By Noel Streatfeild. (*Collins; 10s. 6d.*)

CARRIGMORE CASTLE.
By Meta Mayne Reid. (*Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.*)

GRAEME AND THE DRAGON.
By Naomi Mitchison. (*Faber and Faber; 9s. 6d.*)

THE STORY OF PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY.
By Opal Wheeler. (*Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.*)

FIGURES OF SPEECH.
By Mervyn Peake. (*Victor Gollancz Ltd.; 8s. 6d.*)



Photograph by Marcus Adams.

SIX YEARS OLD

Last Sunday, November 14th, H.R.H. Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, celebrated his sixth birthday, quietly in a family party at Sandringham. This characteristic photograph was taken for the occasion.

Our Social Diary

Dress Show at Blenheim Palace

THE presentation of M. Christian Dior's Paris Winter Collection at Blenheim Palace will long be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to be there. The combination of the beautiful clothes shown with incomparable elegance and grace by the designer's own mannequins, and the stately and historic splendour of such a setting, made this event unique as well as memorable. Princess Margaret was present for the occasion, which had been organised by the Duchess of Marlborough for the British Red Cross Society.

Seeing the majestic exterior of Blenheim for the first time, I was interested to learn that it has not been altered or added to in any way since the Palace was first built by Vanbrugh in the early eighteenth century. Inside, the first, second and third State rooms, the Green and Red drawing-rooms, the Saloon, the Grand Cabinet, the Green writing-room, and the Long Library were rapidly filling with guests, many of whom had come considerable distances from all parts of the country.

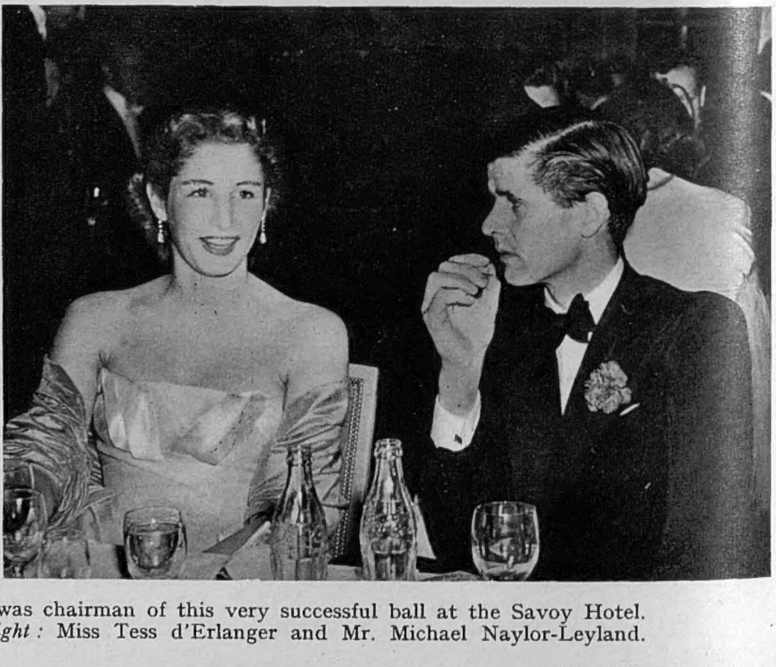
Princess Margaret, on her arrival at the Palace, was presented with a bouquet by eleven-year-old Ann Hollis, whose father works on the Blenheim estate and who is herself a junior cadet in the Red Cross. Her Royal Highness, who looked charming wearing a black velvet dress and a small, white ermine hat trimmed with bands of velvet, then inspected a guard of honour of officers and members of county branches of the Red Cross, and afterwards was escorted to her seat in the centre of the Long Library by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. Here a semi-circle of chairs, with a background formed by a Union Jack and the Colours of the Oxfordshire branch of the Society, had been placed. Guests sitting with Her Royal Highness and her host and hostess included the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Lady Caroline Waterhouse, Lord Porchester, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, Mrs. John Wyndham, the Hon. Colin Tennant, and Mr. Jeremy Tree.

During the parade, music was played softly on the Willis organ, installed in the Long Library by the eighth Duke with the charming inscription : "*In memory of happy days and as tribute to this glorious home, we leave thy voice to speak within these walls in years to come when ours are still.*" Of the clothes, I can only say that the spontaneous applause from the spectators paid tribute to the creative genius of M. Dior, and I am now an ardent admirer of the much-discussed H-line ! After the parade was over, Princess Margaret drew for the winning ticket of the raffle for an evening dress especially designed by M. Dior and which he named *Blenheim*. The fortunate holder was Sir Norman Watson !

Among the guests, who numbered nearly 2000, were the wives of several members of the Diplomatic Corps, including Madame Rodriguez-Travieso, Madame Leão Gracie and the Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel. Other people I saw were Lady Lettice Cotterell, Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley with Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, Countess Paul Munster and her sister Mrs. Michael Hornby, and Mrs. John Ward. Also the Hon. Mrs. David Montagu, who I thought looked very elegant in a black Persian lamb coat and matching hat, Lady Bicester, Lady Elizabeth Clyde, with Mrs. John de Moraville, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold. At the end of the parade, refreshments were served in the Great Hall, and the departing guests had a superb view of the floodlit Palace.

I have since learned that, as a result of the parade, more than £10,000 was raised

PRINCESS MARGARET arriving at Blenheim Palace for the Dior Dress Show. With her is the Duchess of Marlborough. An account of the afternoon appears on this page.



AT THE BRITISH-AMERICAN ASSOCIATES BALL. Lady Ogilvy was chairman of this very successful ball at the Savoy Hotel. *Left :* Madame de Mendoza and H.E. the Cuban Ambassador. *Right :* Miss Tess d'Erlanger and Mr. Michael Naylor-Leyland.

SALE OF WORK AT THE Y.M.C.A., GLASGOW. The Countess of Dalkeith opened the Sale, which was in aid of the Lyric Theatre Rebuilding Fund.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS. Lady Mancroft opened an exhibition of paintings by Guido Gray and Percival Hall at Parsons Gallery. The exhibition was held in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind. *Left :* Mrs. Tom Page and Lady Mancroft. *Right :* Mrs. Incledon-Webber and Miss Elizabeth Incledon-Webber.

for the Red Cross. The highest praise is due to the Duchess of Marlborough, who was entirely responsible for the organisation of this vast undertaking, which proved such an unqualified success.

The British-American Ball

ARRIVING back in London from Blenheim, I went to the British-American Ball at the Savoy Hotel. The chairman, Lady Ogilvy, who looked very attractive in a pale-blue organza dress, received the guests with Mr. K. Macrae Moir, chairman of the British-American Associates. I have always admired Lady Ogilvy for her hard work in connection with many charitable functions, and the success of the evening was a tribute to her powers of organisation. There was no overcrowding, so often a fault of charity dances, and a really excellent dinner was served. At midnight Miss Muriel Smith sang songs in her lovely voice and was accompanied at the piano by Johnnie Franz.

The American Ambassador and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, and Nancy Viscountess Astor were among the guests who dined with Lord and Lady Ogilvy at their table, and the Cuban Ambassador and Madame de Mendoza and the Austrian Ambassador and Madame Wimmer were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks. Mr. Peter and Lady Diana Tiarks and Mr. Peter Marriott were also in the party. Other people who brought parties included Mrs. Beddington-Behrens, Mrs. Joseph Mackle, the Hon. Lady Ward, the Countess of Midleton, Lady Victor Paget, and the Anglo-American Group from the Forum Club.

First Night at the Haymarket

THE MATCHMAKER was first performed at the Edinburgh Festival this year, and the general opinion of the critics then was that this farce by Thornton Wilder was far too long. It has now been considerably cut, and I found it very entertaining and amusing. I particularly enjoyed the acting by Ruth Gordon as the scheming but disarming Mrs. Levi, Eileen Herlie as the bored and pretty milliner, and Arthur Hill as the clerk who was determined to see life.

In the audience that night were Sir Alexander and Lady Korda, Mr. Noël Coward, who was escorting Lady Olivier, the latter looking very pretty and wearing a black taffeta and white guipure lace dress, Sir Leigh Ashton, Mrs. Dwight Whitney, and Sir Simon and Lady Marks.

Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair

THE Y.W.C.A celebrate their centenary next year, and their Christmas Fair, held at the Hyde Park Hotel, represented a charming and colourful Victorian market. The first day of the Fair was opened by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who was welcomed by the Countess of Scarbrough, and the Countess Fortescue and Lady Tweedsmuir also spoke. Afterwards Her Royal Highness made a tour of the stalls, which had many attractive and good things to offer. Another distinguished visitor during the afternoon was Lady Churchill.

Stallholders included Lady Mary Abel-Smith, Dame May Curwen, Lady Hermione Cobbold, the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Parkinson and Lady Priscilla Aird. The Hon. Mrs. Wentworth Beaumont, the vice-chairman, was at the Fair, and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Finnis, was working the houp-la in company with Mrs. Donald Scott and Mrs. Brian Adams.

During the afternoon there was a Victorian Dress Parade displayed by students from the Central School of Speech and Drama. The dresses included those which are being worn by Anna Neagle in her next film, *Lilacs in the Spring*.

The following day the Fair was opened by Miss Evelyn Laye and Mr. Anton Walbrook.

R.N.L.I. Bridge and Canasta Party

THE ballroom and foyer of the May Fair Hotel were decorated with flags, lifebelts and models of lifeboats, for the Bridge and Canasta party held in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. A Christmas stall in the foyer, with many attractive gifts for sale, was presided over by Mrs. Newall, Mrs. de Winter and Mrs. Barnes. Lucky programmes and raffle tickets were sold by members of the Lifeboat Service and by several young girls, including Miss Anne Rhodes, looking very pretty in a dress of pink tulle, Miss Elizabeth Simmons and Miss Sally Wainman.

In the ballroom a portrait by T. C. Dugdale of the famous Cromer coxswain, Blogg, who died recently, was an added reminder to all the guests of the wonderful spirit of the men of the Lifeboat Service, whose work is entirely voluntary. Mrs. Alexander Eddy, chairman of the party committee and hostess for the evening, received wholehearted congratulations from her many friends for the success of the party, which everyone enjoyed.

Among the guests were Mr. Alexander Eddy, Lord and Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, Lord and Lady Dovercourt, Mrs. Vernon Tate, Lady MacFadyean, Lady Legh and Sir Anthony Weldon. The wives of three Members of Parliament, Lady Baxter, Mrs. Charles Doughty and Lady Robertson, were also there, but their husbands were kept in the House by a late sitting. Other people I saw included Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie with Mr. Stanley Christopherson and Miss Nira Pears, and Mrs. Hubert Raphael, who was playing bridge with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. James Harris. During the evening Earl Howe, whose wife was also present, read out a message of good wishes from H.H. Princess Marie Louise.

Forthcoming Events

The Queen's Institute of District Nursing : Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will be present at a concert to be held in St. James's Palace on Tuesday, December 7th, at 9 p.m. Tickets may be obtained from Lady Beddoe-Rees, 20a/140, Park Lane, W.1.

Park Lane Fair : The Duchess of Gloucester will open the Fair on December 1st at 45, Park Lane, in aid of The Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops.

The Snow Ball : The Duchess of Gloucester will also attend the ball to be held at the Dorchester Hotel on Wednesday, December 15th, in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind and the British Empire Society for the Blind. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Vera Biggs, U.A.B., 28, Manchester Street, W.1.

Red Cross Ball : Lady Strathcona is chairman of the ball which is being held at the Dorchester Hotel on Tuesday, November 23rd, in aid of the County of London Branch. Tickets may be obtained from the hon. secretary.

Helena

This Year's Champion Jockey

The man on whom the mantle of Sir Gordon Richards has fallen: Douglas Smith pictured with his very attractive wife and their pet spaniel *Punch* at his Newmarket home.

Two very absorbed little persons are Wendy, three, and Michael, fiv[e], as they listen to a bedtime story read by their famous father on one [o]f his rare early evenings during the racing season.

His mail these days contains a fair percentage of congratulations: the rooms of his house are becoming a gallery of his successes.

"D. Smith" is one of the most popular patrons of the Newmarket air service which most owners, trainers and jockeys use these days.

A welcoming committee of one small daughter, one small son and two pet dogs invariably awaits his return after an early-morning gallop.

at Home

DOUGLAS SMITH—SUCCESSOR TO SIR GORDON—WITH HIS FAMILY AT NEWMARKET

Evenings at home are not always as free as might be supposed : there are frequent telephone calls from owners and trainers.

SIR GORDON RICHARDS himself predicted that his mantle as champion jockey would fall on the slight shoulders of the man whom all the racing world knows as "D. Smith." Now, with a brilliant record of important wins for the season behind him, "D. Smith" has fufilled the promise he always showed—for Major Fred Sneyd, to whom he was apprenticed, predicted even in those days that he would rise to the very top. The youngest of three jockey brothers, all exceptionally good—Charlie and Eph Smith are almost as well known as their young brother—D. Smith was born at Windsor in 1917.

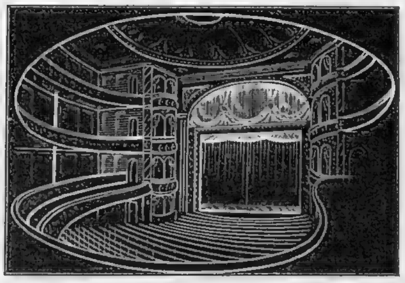
Photographs by John Pratt.

Douglas Smith as he is most often seen at Newmarket—in working kit. In the matter of weight the Fates are distinctly on his side : he has seldom passed the 7-stone mark, remaining there without having recourse to Turkish baths or diets.

A sight any early-morning visitor to the Newmarket gallops might have seen in these last few months : Douglas Smith (*right*) out in front on *Acropolis*, one of his regular mounts from the stable of G. Colling, who trains for Lord Derby and others. Douglas Smith, in the black-and-white colours of Lord Derby, is a familiar sight at important race meetings.

AT THE THEATRE

with J. C. TREWIN



Up from Yonkers and Blackpool

I WAS not very happy about *The Matchmaker* in Edinburgh. After all, it was only the third time I had seen it. The company had not settled down; moreover, someone behind me was trying, with impassioned earnestness, to find a logical explanation for Thornton Wilder at his wildest. "Aye," she would begin suddenly, "*but*——," and you have no idea into what deep waters that "but" could lead you. I suppose that when you have been used to Eliot at a Festival, you do expect something vaguely symbolic and portentous. *The Matchmaker* was hardly cut to pattern, unless you could find a bit of symbolism in Tanya Moiseiwitsch's setting for the fourth act (in London it is the second scene of the second act: an important variation).

Miss Moiseiwitsch is here presenting to our startled gaze the house of a Miss Flora van Huysen. It is a house in which, at the last, all jarring notes agree. Perhaps the witty designer believes that, by the end of the scene, we shall be so used to the jarring notes in her set that it will appear as gentle and kindly a composition as the group of characters at curtain-fall. "*There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.*" For my part, I cherish the last set: it is wholly endearing. I took a note of some of its colours while in Edinburgh. Although a recount is in progress, you can be assured that the list includes claret, shrimp-pink, jade-green, lime-green, purple, maroon, and a good many more besides (with, surprisingly, black and white).

We might say that the farce is crazily kaleidoscopic in the same mood. It is certainly a farce. Certainly it romps along after a little preliminary stickiness. But some will doubt whether it is as crazy as it seems. Wilder must be saying a lot. (Or is he?) It may be necessary to sit up until the small hours—O! that unrewarding vigil by the body of *The Confidential Clerk*!—muttering: "Flora van Huysen now—how does she compare with Mrs. Guzzard of Teddington?" And a spectral voice will intrude: "Aye, *but*——."

Still, that is homework. In the theatre we can enjoy *The Matchmaker* for its gaiety and good nature, its amusingly sophisticated lack of sophistication, so childlike and bland. In Edinburgh the players had not run themselves in: a long tour has done that, and in Tyrone Guthrie's production we are led a brisk dance from the merchant's house at Yonkers to Mrs. Molloy's hat store in New York City, to the Harmonia Gardens Restaurant, and then to the blaze at Miss van Huysen's. Four sets, you observe. That was one of the troubles at Edinburgh: the scene-changing loitered, whereas at the Haymarket the world revolves. Mercifully, too, there is only a single interval.

Let me recap quickly. The farce is based on a Viennese comedy of 1842 that, in turn, was based on an English original of 1835 (*A Day Well Spent* was Oxenford's charming title). In Wilder's play we are in Yonkers and New York of the 1880's. A widowed merchant, Vandergelder (Sam Levene), looks for a wife. His clerk and apprentice (Arthur Hill and Alec McCowen) look for adventure. A pretty milliner (Eileen Herlie) looks for an evening out. And, above anything else, a Mrs. Levi, a widow described as "a friend of Vandergelder's late wife," looks for a husband. From the first, Vandergelder is pinned, though Mrs. Levi does not make the kill until we are at Miss Flora's, among the birdcages and the stuffed fish. Ruth Gordon's deliriously comic Mrs. Levi is like some bright-eyed little bird that never stops twittering, and is sometimes so overcome by its own powers that it swoops into a quite fantastic trilling and piping: a one-woman aviary. Mr. Levene, as the merchant, goes to his fate grumpily. Mr. Hill (adventurous clerk) needs only a suit of armour, a sword and a dragon. As for Alec McCowen (adventurous apprentice), I was reminded at once of Dickens's Mr. Phunky: "*Blushing into the very whites of his eyes, he tried to look as if he didn't know that everyone was gazing at him: a thing which no man ever succeeded in doing yet, or, in all reasonable probability, ever will.*"

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

W for Wisteria

(An emotion often engendered in the cinema)

Maybe there is much to be said in dispraise of *The Matchmaker*. Maybe erudite persons, pallid from lack of sleep, will be coming up to me to say "Aye, *but*——." Never mind. I have met the play, in various manifestations, at Ealing, at Swiss Cottage, in Scotland and in the Haymarket; and the time has arrived, I think, to forget harsh words in the past, to ask for the sackcloth, and solemnly to sift and pour the ashes.

CONSIDERED as a play, *The Immoralist* (at the Arts Theatre Club) is pretentious and shoddy. Freely adapted by Ruth and Augustus Goetz from the novel by André Gide, it is about a potentially tragic marriage. The year is 1900. Michel is a homosexual; Marcelline, poor girl, learns the truth during the first few months of their marriage when they are at Biskra, in Algeria. In the end, back in Normandy, they come together; she is to have a child. The piece, written with a kind of thin slickness, has nothing particular to say. It is left entirely to Yvonne Mitchell and Michael Gough to do what they can, and they could not act better: they take the strain tautly, agonise finely. Paul Mayo has designed a Biskra set that transforms the stage of the Arts.

A REVUE, *Off the Record* (Victoria Palace), is unpretentiously shoddy. It is just rough-and-tumble stuff, oop fra' Blackpool. There is a good trumpeter (Eddie Calvert). There is a ventriloquist (Arthur Worsley) agreeably bullied by his dummy. There are waltzing fountains that flick up and down (real water, and very soothing), while the De Vere Girls, statuesque, beg us mutely to believe that they are ladies of the Court of Versailles. And there is Nat Jackley, who would be a funny comedian—he is the man with the telescopic neck—if he had not some of the least funny lines and situations that a struggling script-writer can ever have evolved. But I value Mr. Jackley's neck, his dab of moustache (detachable in emotional scenes), and his bulging eyes; and I was glad that the Mayor of Blackpool appeared on the stage, at the première, to offer him the largest stick of rock in recollection, carved (I imagine) from some rose-red city half as old as time. It was an affecting occasion, especially as Mr. Jackley was wearing a "minstrel" costume that made him look like a highly eccentric toastmaster.

THE New Watergate's *Autumn Revue* depends on Beryl Reid, whose eyes can match Ruth Gordon's, and who has a sure, relishing attack, whether in wistful soliloquy or in the madder moonshine. She is a dear soul, even if she is apt now and then to sting like a jelly-fish. Otherwise, the revue is amiable and unmemorable—it is hard now to translate the programme titles—though Barry Sinclair is usually a cheerful presence. He is an airman who can't bear the bang when he dives through the sound barrier.

FINALLY, *The Average Man* (Embassy) was an average comedy, all about someone who represented so accurately what a man-in-the-street would say or think that he became worth gold to his advertising agency. Alas, he fell in love. What was one to do with an expert who nominated Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* as the Crime Book of the Month? The author could not say. It was a pity. . . .

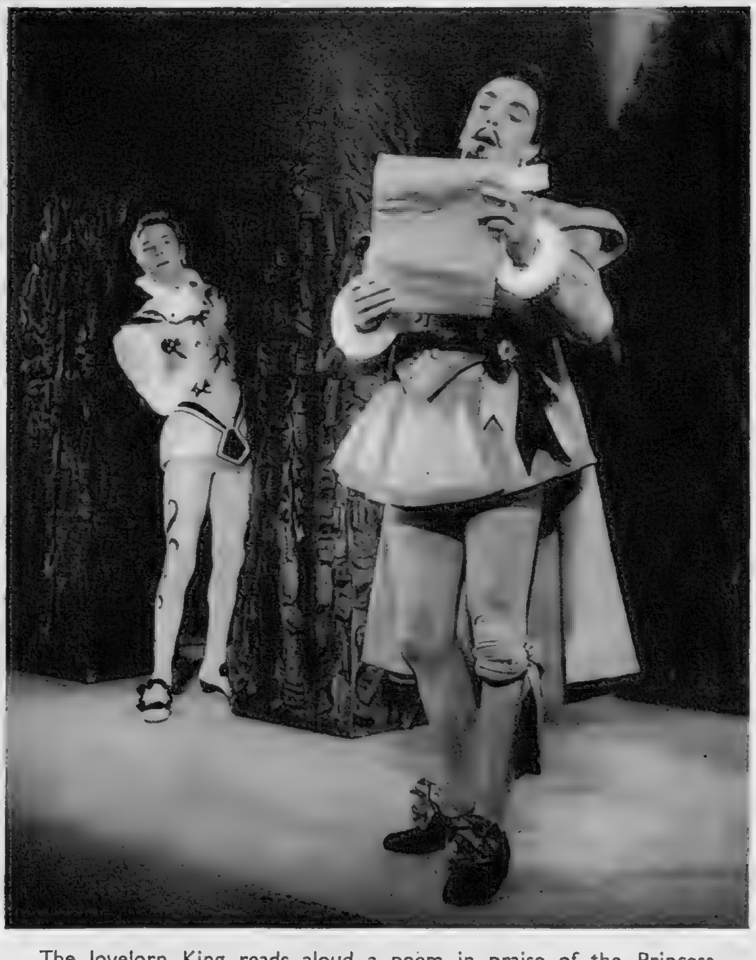
Sir Nathaniel (Paul Daneman) reads a love-letter from Lord Berowne to Lady Rosaline, accidentally delivered to Jacquenetta (Rachel Roberts) by Costard (Michael Bates ; *left*). " *Celestial as thou art . . .*" he intones. The cynical schoolmaster, Holofernes (Laurence Hardy ; *right*), listens unbelievingly. Obviously, the letter has miscarried : such sentiments cannot be addressed to the wayward Jacquenetta. Dull, the constable (Aubrey Morris), finds the whole thing a little above him.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

THE FRITH BANBURY production of *Love's Labour 's Lost*, at the Old Vic, is a lighthearted, colourful and thoroughly welcome addition to the Company's repertoire. The Cecil Beaton costumes are singularly delightful, and Clifton Parker's music quite entrancing. One of the least frequently staged of Shakespeare's plays, we think it will make many new friends for the Company during the present season.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.

Ferdinand, King of Navarre (Eric Porter), who has forsworn feminine company, proclaims his love to the beautiful Princess of France (Ann Todd).



The lovelorn King reads aloud a poem in praise of the Princess. Berowne (John Neville), similarly forsworn and similarly lovelorn, listens delightedly.

THE ZINKEISEN SISTERS

THE LEHMA

Beatrix, John and Rosamund Lehmann are
member of the *Punch* "table" an a well-
group of poets and critics, became a natio
Penguin New Writing. Of Rosamund's dist
perhaps the best known. Beatrix has also
the finest tragic actres

Family

THE creative genius is not
the members of a family
commodity is soon used up
write sonnets, another wil
however, if the supply is large
mother, makes division equ
Three such talented families

Photographs by

Left: Though Doris and Anna Zinkeisen worked together on murals for the *Queen Mary*, in general their careers as artists have lain in different directions. Doris (*left*) designed sets and costumes for the theatre; her first assignment was *The Insect Play* in 1923, her latest, *After the Ball*, this year. Anna's work has appeared in a number of magazines; and is well known to *Sketch* readers. Both sisters have held exhibitions this summer, Doris of some decorative oils, Anna of the pathological and clinical drawings that she began making for surgeons during the war.

N FAMILY

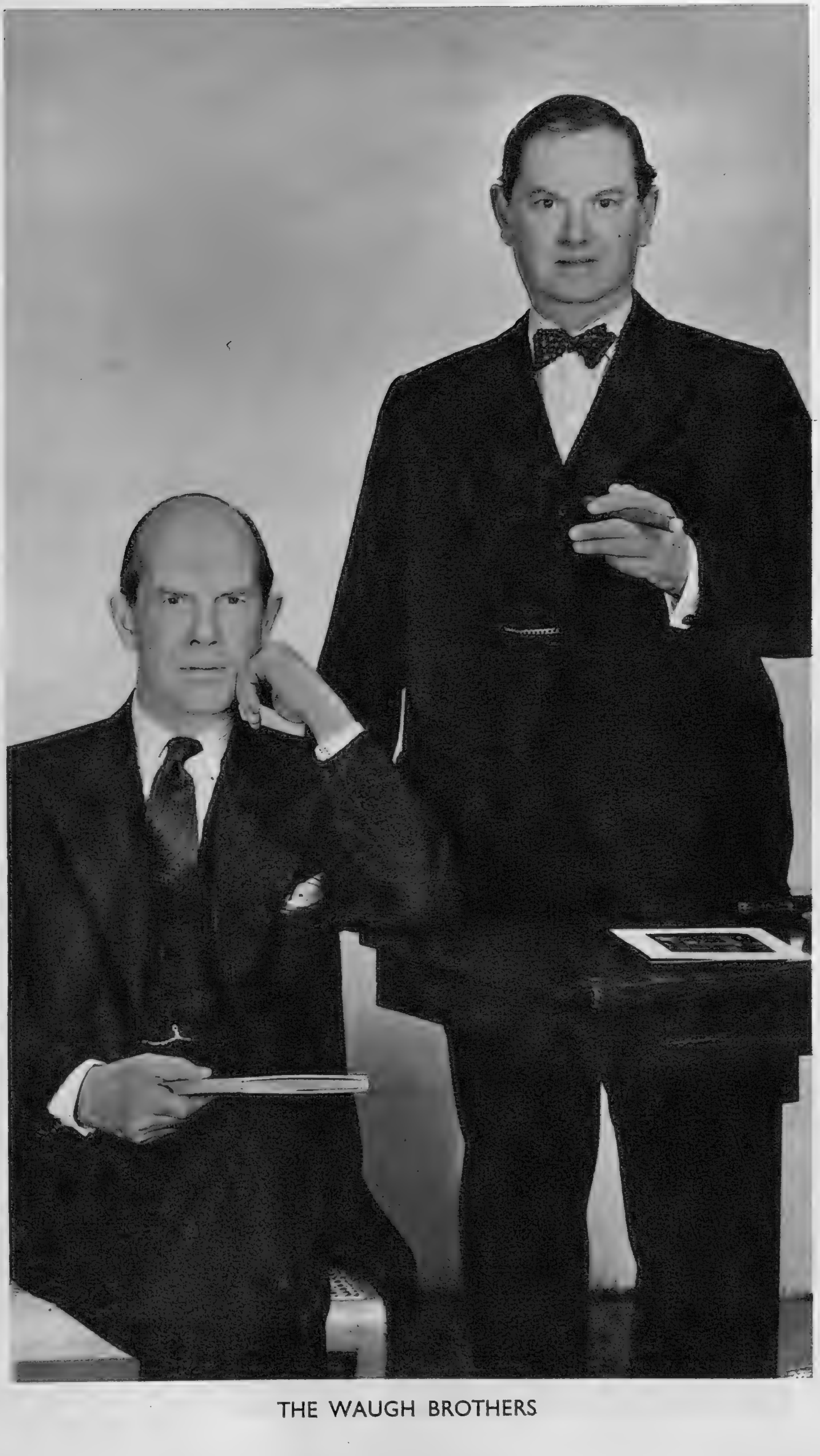
children of the late R. C. Lehmann, a
wn oarsman. John, one of the 'Thirties
figure during the war when he edited
ished novels, *Dusty Answer*, her first, is
ten two novels, but is famous as one of
of our generation.

Genius

ays equally divided among
The supply of this precious
though one brother may
ell insurance. Sometimes,
ough, Nature, a fair-minded
among the whole family.
celebrated on this page.

ame Yevonde.

Right: Alec and Evelyn Waugh are both novelists. Alec (*left*) published *The Loom of Youth*, his first novel, in 1917. Since then he has written nineteen other books, and is at present working on a novel set in the British West Indies. Evelyn, although the younger by five years, is perhaps more celebrated; he has won both the Hawthornden and the James Tait Black Memorial Prizes, and *The Loved One* took up a complete issue of *Horizon*. He is engaged on a trilogy of war novels; the first, *Men at Arms*, has been published; the second, *Happy Warrior*, is to be published next year.



THE WAUGH BROTHERS

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

JULITHA WALSH : For cookery lessons with a garden hose.

When the B.B.C. Television Service decided to fill a gap in listeners' lives by teaching them how to cook a snake, Miss Walsh, a "personality girl" (whatever that means) from Australia, demonstrated. No snake would volunteer, however, so Miss Walsh improvised. Nobody would eat the garden hose she cooked, but would anyone have eaten a snake ?

ALAN PINKERTON : A Beautician For Dogs.

Man's best friend, the noble dog, was on show at the Ladies' Kennel Association Championship at Olympia early this month. Young Alan Pinkerton (aged 2½) offered to groom Mr. and Mrs. Dobson's *Wawnehill Esq.'s Daughter* before the judges came. "Groom ? Whom ?" said she. "Why, youm ; that 's whom," said Alan, but the lady had other ideas. "Sit down, buster," she said, her maternal instinct to the fore, "and I 'll fix your hair." You see the result. Next month *Wawnehill Esq.'s Daughter* leaves for Australia.

GILLIAN LYNNE : For a moment of self-recognition.

Miss Lynne is looking at a picture of Miss Lynne, entitled *What a Dancer Can Do.* No one persuaded Miss Lynne to do it again.

PIN-UP GIRL

THE "pin-ups" of American photographer André de Dienes always carry his unwritten signature. To a field where less masterly exposition of this art often results in the merely banal, de Dienes has brought his own special brand of what might best be described as tasteful allure. This picture is taken from the *Photography Year Book*, 1955, published by *Photography* at 25s.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

Taking the Baby Out

MY DEAR ROBERT,

After my Play, *Storm Clouds*, which I left on the bus, was returned to me, I sent a copy to the Television Centre of the B.B.C. This gave rise to a good deal of talk.

"Every week I look in my *Radio Times*," said Colonel Simpkins reproachfully. "What are those chaps up to, Henrietta?"

"My poor Henrietta," said Mrs. Whinebite, "don't you realise you have to have Influence to get into Television? Are they likely to show, or even read, a play by an obscure, middle-aged, country doctor's wife living in the provinces?"

"I believe they read all the plays, and judge them impartially."

Mrs. Whinebite laughed shrilly and undulated into the fish-shop.

Next morning I got a letter from the B.B.C. When I saw the little brown envelope my knees began to shake, and I could hardly get back to the kitchen, where Charles and I have cosy breakfasts with the boiler. Charles doesn't often talk to me in his Doctor's Voice, but when he does I understand why people listen to him with respect. "Sit down, Henrietta," he said, "pour yourself a cup of tea, put three lumps of sugar in it and drink it."

Mrs. Whinebite undulated into the fish-shop. . . .

"Your play will be seen by millions . . ."

"But I don't like sugar in my tea."

"Three lumps," said Charles, and I dropped them meekly into my cup. Then Charles took the letter from me and read it aloud.

DEAR MRS. BROWNE,

I write to acknowledge receipt of "Storm Clouds," for which we thank you.

Every care will be taken of this work during the time it is in the BBC's possession, but no responsibility can be accepted by us for its loss or damage or for any delay in its return from whatever cause arising.

Yours sincerely,

BELINDA BLANK,

Television Drama Script Library.

It was my moment of triumph.

"It's a very kind letter, isn't it, Charles?" I said, and put it in my pocket and carried it around with me for the next six weeks.

At the end of that time I got another letter which made my knees shake again, but this time with joy, for it was from the Drama Script Supervisor himself, Mr. Sebastian Trumpington, saying he had read *Storm Clouds*, liked it, and would I call and see him next time I was in London.

I rushed straight round to "Winds," which is the name of Mrs. Whinebite's house. Nobody answered the bell, so I walked in. Mrs. Whinebite and her three friends looked up from their cards with the dazed expressions people wear when they are interrupted in the middle of a rubber. I held my B.B.C. letter under Mrs. Whinebite's nose, but she seemed incapable of reading it, so I read it out myself in a loud, clear voice. Nobody said anything, but it was my moment of triumph. I don't get many and I enjoyed it.

At Lady B.'s my letter was received with acclamation.

"You must buy a new hat," said Faith.

"Millions," said Colonel Simpkins in an awed voice. "Your play will be seen by millions, Henrietta."

"Perhaps they'll ask you to act in it, dear," said little Mrs. Simpkins.

* * *

The Television Centre looked new and was bathed in afternoon sunlight without and charm, consideration and kindness within. The pretty girl in the hall, the boy who took me up in the lift, Mr. Sebastian Trumpington's Secretary, and indeed Mr. Sebastian Trumpington himself, all treated me as though I were somebody who mattered in their lives.

"We like your play, Mrs. Browne."

"Oh, Mr. Trumpington!"

"Of course, this Family Viewing is a tricky business."

"I quite realise that."

"There's Mum and Dad, and Grannie and Aunt Ethel, as well as little Tommy and Sister Jill——"

"And Colonel Simpkins and Mrs. Whinebite——"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing, Mr. Trumpington."

"There they are, all sitting round their set, and they've got, somehow, to be amused without being bewildered or shocked."

"And the gentlemen who write the notices have got to be amused too, haven't they?"

"Tricky," said Mr. Trumpington. "Now, we've asked Pandora Slam to produce." He leant forward and spoke to a box on his desk. "Ask Miss Slam to come in, please," he said, and in Miss Slam miraculously came.

"There's some careless writing on page sixteen of Act II.", said Miss Slam severely. "You've said exit Mary L. when it ought to be exit Mary R."

"Oh, dear!"

Pandora Slam and Mr. Trumpington exchanged indulgent smiles. "Oh, these authors!" they sighed. Then Miss Slam leant forward and said: "You know, Sebastian, I'm not quite happy about that Baby in Act II."

"In what way, Pandora?" said Mr. Trumpington, looking anxious.

"Well, will it offend the Viewers? That's what I keep asking myself," said Miss Slam.

"I see what you mean," said Mr. Trumpington slowly.

"I was reading the play again last night," said Miss Slam, "and I said to myself This Won't Do. This will mean Trouble."

Mr. Trumpington looked at me kindly. "I'm afraid you'll have to take the Baby out, Mrs. Browne," he said.

"But, Mr. Trumpington, if I take the Baby out of Act II. there won't be a play."

"If you don't take it out, there won't be a play either," said Miss Slam firmly, "because I won't produce. I wouldn't like to risk it."

"You see, we have to be so very careful with Family Viewing," said Mr. Trumpington. "There's Mum and Dad——"

"Yes, I know. And Grannie and Aunt Ethel and little Tommy too, and Sister Gillian," I said bitterly as I got up to go.

* * *

I was rather disappointed and sorry for myself after my visit to the Television Centre, and when I got home I went to Lady B. for comfort. But Lady B. was bracing. "I don't know what you're moaning about, Henrietta," she said, "you seem to have met with a great deal of consideration and made the acquaintance of a most charming man. If *Storm Clouds* is no good without the Baby in Act II. then you must just sit down and write another play."

So I went down the Street and bought some more foolscap paper and a big bottle of ink and tried not to think about Mrs. Whinebite.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

PAVLOVA : Gallery XI., which is devoted to portraits of Diaghilev's collaborators, friends and patrons, contains Savely Sorine's portrait of Anna Pavlova.

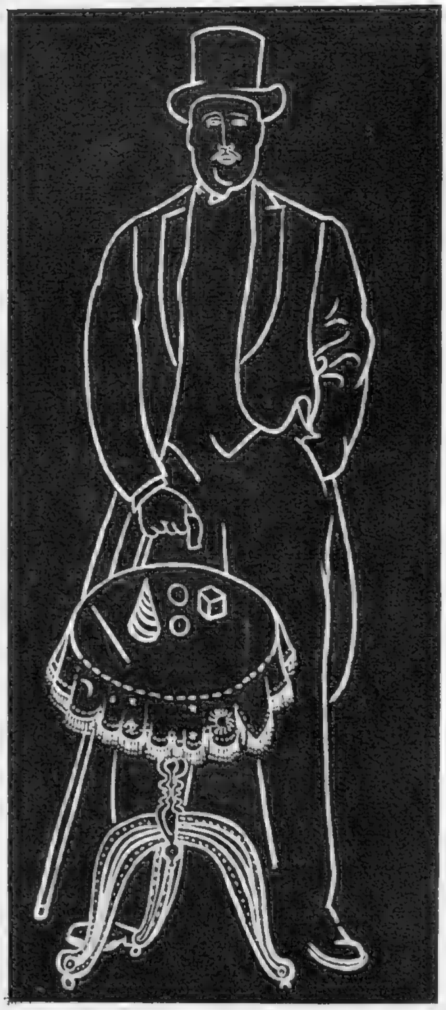
HOMAGE TO DIAGHILEV

THE HAUNTED THEATRE : The shade of Diaghilev watches the ghosts of his dancers. The décor is devised and executed by Peter McGinn.

SERGE DIAGHILEV : A portrait by Elizabeth Polunin.

THE Diaghilev Exhibition is at Forbes House, in Halkin Street, just off Hyde Park Corner. It will run until December 4th : then plans are to take it to New York. Outside stand two enormous negro figures. Entering, the visitor finds himself in a Paris street of 1910 : a tree grows in the pavement, and posters advertise the Russian Ballet. Music, a sudden suspicion of *Mitsuko* (Diaghilev's favourite scent), murals, fashionable ladies in *papier mâché*, ghosts and gauze add up to more than the word "Exhibition" suggests. Much has been added since 30,000 people saw these treasures at Edinburgh.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS : The tableau by Leonard Rosoman is at the head of the great staircase of Forbes House. Against this background, Lady Harewood, Mme. Karsavina and Mr. Richard Buckle spoke to the guests at the Private View on November 2nd.



MURALS : A sketch of Diaghilev the magician by Ian Cowan conjures up a whole procession of dancers and acrobats on the walls of the East Staircase.

Around the Night Spots

Right:
Lovely, aren't they? Some we missed at the Cabaret last time. Can't think how . . .

Right:
Make you feel cold in the ordinary way, wouldn't it? But there's something about Sheila Woods . . .

WE were told we put the Cabaret Club into Upper John Street, in our last issue. It seems that is their back door—now you know how we get in!—and the main entrance is in Beak Street. So we went back to make sure. Anyway, that's our story and we're sticking to it. It was only by the merest accident that we happened to stay to watch the cabaret through. Twice. Have a look at those gorgeous dancing girls up there on the right, and you'll know why we've decided to go back again. Just to be quite certain about that address . . .

The girl in the leopard-skin coat is the Churchill Club's own blonde bombshell: Sheila Woods. Churchills is distinctly one of our firm favourites. Slick cabaret, fine food, soft lights and two different varieties of sweet music—Barry Morgan and his Mayfair Music and Monte Tyree and his South American Rumba Band. The cabaret is presented twice nightly, at 11.15 and one o'clock, and although the bar closes at 2 a.m., you can go on dancing until 4. If you want something really tasty on these cold nights, try their Shaschlik, which is brought into the dining-room for you on a flaming sword. It's really something.

The Hungarian Trio at the Dorchester have been bringing the house down ever since they opened their four-week season last Monday. When you see them—particularly in their "Toy Drum Major" number—you'll know why. The four delightful youngsters billed as "The Dorchester Girls" never fail to please. The cuisine is excellent, the music equally so, whether it be Cyril Grantham's Dorchester Arcadians or George Birch and his band with Joan Anderson, who is a honey-blonde with just about the friendliest smile we ever saw. One day we will just have to send a bouquet to Joan.

Down at Quag's, Saveen is convincing all-comers that, after all, they DO like ventriloquists. He convinced us. There can't be anyone else like him. He made us roar with laughter at his talking dog—and brush away a surreptitious tear when he comforted poor, forlorn little Noddy. And as for Daisy May, with her own telephone number and cheque-book and banking account—well, you can tell from that just HOW human she is! Yes, definitely, Saveen is not to be missed. We are penitent, humbled—are you SURE we said we didn't like . . . ? Well, all right, we can change our ideas, can't we? And we're going again. Isn't that enough?

Talented trio currently shining at the Dorchester are these three Hungarian dancers, seen here in their opening number.

Saveen is working his own particular brand of magic at Quag's these days. That's Saveen on the left; Micki—the talking dog—Daisy May and the pathetic little clown, Noddy, on the right.

"GO AHEAD AND SEARCH—YOU'LL FIND NOTHING HERE."

Drawn by Thelwell.

DIANA WYNYARD
Diana Wynyard is to star opposite Trevor Howard in a rather grim play : Inquest on a Hero, *which is to be seen on November 28th and December 2nd.*

PETER SCOTT
Peter Scott introduces a programme about that rarely-seen wild animal, the badger, on November 20th.

SALLY ANN HOWES
Sally Ann Howes shares billing with Ralph Reader on November 20th when she appears in It 's a Great Life.

LAURENCE PAYNE
You will be able to see Laurence Payne twice every Wednesday — beginning November 24th, for six weeks — as d'Artagnan in The Three Musketeers.

Essay On Being Critical

TELEVISION TOPICS by CYRIL BUTCHER

I WONDER whether we television critics will ever be of one mind ? Having read a number of opinions on *Peer Gynt*—Ibsen's cumbersome classic —coming from my colleagues of the morning, evening and Sunday Press, I cannot think it is very likely. In fact, no two notices were alike, and no doubt mine will be different too. Yet we all saw the same show. Why this difference ?

The divergence of views stems from the very nature of television itself. We may all have seen the same show, but all of us saw it under different conditions —in our homes most likely, feeling well, happy, ill or thoroughly disgruntled, in gloomy isolation or surrounded by families and friends. And however loftily detached he may try to be, a critic must be influenced by those conditions ; influenced by his *appreciation* of the programme apart from the purely technical merit of its performance.

In the theatre or cinema it is different. Having been an actor, I know that the several hundred fortuitously gathered men and women who constitute an audience, in a matter of minutes develop a corporate personality. They can be " easy " and make the show go with a swing, or they can be " sticky " and nothing you do seems to please them. Critics forming part of those audiences, then, are subject to the same atmosphere and much more likely to see eye to eye.

So here is yet another differing appreciation of television's *Peer Gynt*. On the whole I enjoyed it and only lapsed into faint boredom occasionally. The matter of the play has an almost universal appeal, for Peer is something of an Everyman who finds an echo in all of us. He is a little confused by the world around him ; he brags to try and hide his insufficiency from himself ; he lusts after material gain, worldly power and the gratification of the senses. Like the ordinary man he dreams of heroic deeds which he is never likely to perform.

The manner of the play is less happy. Its construction is untidy, with a host of loosely connected episodes involving a positive army of rather silly characters of the scantiest interest. It is easy to blame the translation of R. Ellis Roberts for the poor verse with its doggerel rhyming couplets. But, without being a Norwegian scholar and assuming Mr. Roberts's translation to be faithfully made, I have a shrewd suspicion that Ibsen's original lines were pretty poor stuff, and that his subsequent move to prose dialogue was a step in quite the right direction.

Peter Ustinov's performance as Peer was a *tour de force*, if only for the feat of memorising this colossal rôle and the rapidity with which he changed costumes and make-up, during the forty-six-year span of the hero's adventures. But it was a curiously uneven performance. At moments the real Peer emerged, inviting understanding and pity. At others there was only Peter Ustinov acting away like mad. He was at his best in the closing sequences, when Peer is a bewildered and frightened old man. In the early moments I was rather tempted to remember his Nero.

To produce a play of such gigantic proportion is a task to boggle at. But Royston Morley—whose main preoccupation these days is to train new television producers—tackled it quite cheerfully and made a wonderful job of it. I particularly liked the smoothness of the tempo and the use of diffused backgrounds to produce the vague sense of unreality which the play demands.

ONE has had to wait a long time for the *War in the Air* series of B.B.C. films—and the wait has been worth every minute of it. Whether this series is a direct answer to the challenge of the American films *Victory at Sea* or not, one cannot help but make comparisons. The titles sufficiently indicate the fundamental difference between them, but in the manner of presentation I consider the British product much superior. The subject is treated tautly and with dignity, avoiding the over-dramatic commentary which made the American films rather embarrassing at times.

REMEMBRANCE Sunday brought an unusual play by Duncan Ross, *The Silent People*, which paid tribute to the amazingly brave men and women who, during the last war, indulged in what is generically known as espionage. Little has been told of them so far, and even now the whole story cannot appear. But enough has been freed from the " secret " classification for Mr. Ross to have written a series of very effective episodes : episodes, rather than a well-constructed play, for I found that the author clung to the technique of the documentary, with which he has served television so brilliantly in the past. The same must be said of the acting. I did not enthuse over any of the performances *qua* performances. Everybody was very natural and most efficient—in a documentary way—but I never felt the thrill of an exciting personality.

"The Sketch" Wedding Album

MORRISON—LONG: This wedding group, pictured after the ceremony at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 28th, shows Mr. Charles Morrison, son of Major John Morrison, M.P., and his bride, the Hon. Sara Long, daughter of the late Viscount Long of Wraxall, and of the Countess of Dudley, with their best man, Mr. Roger Bramble, and child attendants.

HOWARD—PHILLIPS: At Prestwich Parish Church, Lancashire, on November 3rd were Mr. Nigel Howard, former captain of Lancashire County Cricket Club, and his bride, Miss Ann Phillips, an England International golfer.

CLARKE—CORYTON: Married at St. George's, Hanover Square, on November 4th were Mr. Michael Clarke, son of Admiral Sir Marshal Clarke, and Miss Flavia Coryton, daughter of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Alec Coryton and Lady Coryton.

BOOY—VAN RANDWIJCK: Princess Beatrix (*centre*) was a bridesmaid at the wedding at Gorssel on October 30th of the Private Secretary and Second Private Secretary of Princess Wilhelmina, Mr. Thijs Booy and Jonkvrouwen S. E. Baronesse van Randwijck.

CHARKHAM—SALMON: At the New West End Synagogue, on November 3rd: Mr. Jonathan Charkham, of 9, Brunswick Gardens, W.8, and Miss Moira Salmon, of 53, Orchard Court, W.1, pictured after their wedding with Mr. Michael Salmon, the best man, bridesmaid Miss Jill Myers and small attendants, Priscilla Goldwater, Susan Miller, Zoë Salmon, Caroline Robinson, Philippa Salmon and Georgina Joseph.

JOLLY—PRITCHARD: Pictured outside Crosby Congregational Church, Wirral, on October 26th are Mr. Douglas Jolly and his bride, Miss Ruth Pritchard, daughter of Councillor and Mrs. T. A. Pritchard, of Moreton, Wirral. The reception was held at the Blundellsands Hotel and the young couple afterwards left for a Paris honeymoon.

Mr. T. K. Cahill, Mrs. W. J. Matthews, Mrs. T. K. Cahill, Lieut.-Commander W. J. Matthews, Commander V. G. Tolhurst and Mr. J. T. H. Davies.

Lieutenant A. J. C. Dodd, Miss Margaret Tarrant, Lieutenant M. J. Silverside, Miss Barbara Murton, Miss Elaine Diana Hoyle and 2nd Lieutenant D. A. Wood.

NAVAL AND MILITARY BALL AT BRIGHTON

The annual Naval and Military Ball, held this year at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, on October [illegible]th, is one of those immensely popular events for which there are never enough tickets to satisfy demand. This year, the number was increased, but the problem remained, despite the fact that approximately 450 guests took the dance-floor for this colourful inter-Service "exercise" under the presidency of Earl Howe. Buglers of the Royal Marines formed a guard of honour to [illegible] officers and their guests, and a piping party of ratings from H.M.S. *Sussex* summoned the company to supper; but although it was chiefly a naval occasion this year, in honour of the R.N.V.R. Jubilee, the Army and R.A.F. in "supporting rôles" maintained all the traditions of Combined Operations.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.

Mrs. F. H. Foster, Mrs. G. H. Pannett, Mrs. G. A. Rogers, Mrs. Hilton Bowden, Mrs. Q. Sunbury, Mr. Hilton Bowden, Captain G. A. Rogers and Mr. S. H. Wickins.

Captain Ivor Sibley, the very energetic ball committee secretary, and Mrs. Sibley.

Lieutenant N. Pollock, Miss Jill Grimley, Lieutenant J. Coombes, Miss Brenda Smith, Lieutenant J. Adelson and Miss Wynn Cronan.

Pictured together here are Mrs. A. W. J. Murray and Brigadier J. E. F. Linton, R.A.

Miss Iris Wade, Flight-Lieut. Paul Tabernacle, Lieut.-Commander R. G. Redgwell, Mrs. Peter Black, Lieutenant Peter Black and Mrs. Paul Tabernacle.

Major M. H. Wonnall and Mrs. Wonnall.

Countess Howe with Commander Tolhurst.

Mrs. and Vice-Admiral A. K. Scott-Moncrieff with the Deputy Mayor and Mayoress of Hove, Councillor and Mrs. H. E. Brocke, J.P.

Sussex Yeomanry party includea Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Daniel, Maj. and Mrs. White, Capt. and Mrs. Keilthy, Capt. and Mrs. Richards, Capt. and Mrs. Barnes, Maj. and Mrs. Harrington, Dr. and Mrs. Haward, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hart, Lieut. J. Hart and Miss T. McLennan, and Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyley-Buck.

Earl Howe, president of the Ball, with the legendary cap that is said to travel with him everywhere.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Neapolitan Icing

WHITE CHRISTMAS

(*Plaza*)

FILM critics are constantly getting letters that begin, "In order to settle an argument, can you tell me if——." Hoping to settle any argument about *White Christmas* in advance, I should like to state here and now that Bing Crosby *did* introduce the Irving Berlin number on the screen; that it happened twelve years ago; and the film in which it happened was called *Holiday Inn*. Bing's partners on that occasion were Fred Astaire and Marjorie Reynolds.

The new film makes use of the old song both as a theme-tune and a title. Bing sings again, but he has changed partners. This time Danny Kaye gets what roughly amounts to the Astaire spot. To make things cosier for two nice chaps, there is now a girl apiece, instead of one between two. Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen appear as a sister act. For their routine they dress alike, in gentian blue, with ostrich feather fans. Their opening number introduces them as "Sisturrs—sis*turrs*." Both of them are versatile, but Rosemary is more the singing type, Vera-Ellen goes in strongly for the dance. Rosemary's blue eyes appeal to Bing. Vera-Ellen keeps her brown ones lamped on Danny.

Any resemblance between the plots of *Holiday Inn* and *White Christmas* is purely coincidental. The new film opens on the Italian battlefront Christmas Eve, 1944. Private Kaye saves the life of Captain Crosby during a regimental sing-song. Home from the wars, the pair team up, rise to dazzling heights in variety and T.V., meet the Haynes Sisters, who are booked for a Christmas engagement at a winter-sports hotel, and go along to Vermont with them.

A shock awaits them at Vermont. No snow. No snow, of course, means no winter sports, no custom at the inn. Ruin stares the proprietor in the face, and the proprietor turns out to be none other than Bing and Danny's favourite general, who is pretty well cut up already because the Army has no further use for him.

Something must be done, and Bing does it. With immense cunning he fixes a coast-to-coast television broadcast, in which he appeals to all the veterans of the general's division to come to Vermont on Christmas Eve, and give "the nicest Christmas gift he ever had to the nicest guy we know."

The plea goes straight to every soldier's heart. From north and south and east and west the veterans ride fast. Some of them bring their wives and families. All of them bring their uniforms. And then—surprise, surprise!—when the dear old general comes downstairs on Christmas Eve, dressed in *his* uniform because his grand-daughter has tactfully hidden all his suits, he finds a whole division paraded for inspection, singing as they once sung on the battlefield about what they'd do for their C.O., "because we lo-ove him, because we lo-ove him."

Tears dim each soldierly eye, and even the civilians at the Plaza grope for a surreptitious handkerchief. But the most beautiful moment is yet to come. As the entire company breaks into *White Christmas*, a minion whispers excitedly in the general's ear. His face lights up with joy. The inn doors are thrown wide. We look outside, and what do you suppose we see? . . . Exactly.

If you think there isn't much for Danny Kaye to do in this affair, you're right. There isn't. He has a few moments in which his special talents are fleetingly displayed, but for the most part he is just an amiable member of a pleasant quartet, determined to behave nicely, perform competently, and make this a nice, kind, friendly Christmas.

White Christmas, by the way, is the first film in VistaVision to be shown in this country. VistaVision is a big screen process which seems to hold the balance satisfactorily between height and width. The screen is almost as high as it is broad. You feel you are looking, not at a pillar-box slot, but at a huge barn-door. Stereoscopy is not particularly pronounced, but the pictures are agreeably bright; and there is none of that sense of abyss between foreground and background that you get so often in 3-D (with glasses) films.

Wait—couldn't we come to some arrangement?

NEAPOLITAN FANTASY

(*Marble Arch Pavilion*)

"NEAPOLITAN FANTASY" (*Carosello Napoletano*) was the film chosen to open the recent Italian Film Festival in London, in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen. It is exactly what it says it is: a fantasy, a *carrousel*; a spectacle, revue or extravaganza about the history and spirit of the city of Naples.

Beginning with a Moorish raid, the story is brought up to the present day. The various episodes are lightly linked together by a family of strolling players, who exchange one form of entertainment for another (the *commedia dell' arte* for the Punch-and-Judy show, the guitar for the barrel organ) but grow no older, richer, nor more prudent in their vagabond passage through the centuries.

The scale of *Neapolitan Fantasy* is enormous. It takes the whole city of Naples for its province and the entire populace for its cast. Men, women and children go thronging through the streets; singing, dancing, breaking and re-grouping. Paolo Stoppa, Clelia Matania, Nadia Gray, Sofia Loren, Maria Fiore and Giacomo Rondinella are just a few out of the long list of actors. There is the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas and the Ballet Africain de Kerta Fodeba. There is choreography by Leonide Massine, who plays and dances Punchinello. There are the voices of Gigli and Tagliabue, singing Neapolitan songs to the music of Neapolitan instruments.

The film seems to erupt, rather than appear on the screen. It is for ever breaking into dance and spectacle; one scene bursting out of another without any apparent rhyme or reason; eager only, it would seem, to keep the story lively and the lovely pictures changing.

Few films more generous with song and colour, more spontaneous in gaiety and ready with invention, have come our way for a long time. But I'm prepared to admit that *Neapolitan Fantasy* is not a very easy film to follow; and the sub-titles, mostly printed in pale blue on a light background, cannot be called exactly helpful. At one point, being perplexed in the extreme, I leant across and whispered to a fellow-critic, "Can you tell me what he died of?" "Confusion" was his prompt reply.

THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA

(*Odeon, Leicester Square*)

THIS begins and ends in a rainy graveyard in Italy. A series of flashbacks unwinds the story of a gipsy dancer from the slums of Madrid, who becomes a famous Hollywood star, moves on to the Riviera to dazzle the international set, but remains cool and untouchable until her true love, an Italian Count, comes along and marries her. With him comes tragedy.

Joseph (*All About Eve*) Mankiewicz has a knack of telling a story, however novelettish, so that you want to know how it's going to end. You really do want to learn what happened to Maria Vargas, why she came to die so young. This touch of sustained mystery, Ava Gardner's beauty, the sympathetic support of Humphrey Bogart, and a general air of a work that knows its way about the world, should make *The Barefoot Contessa* a very successful film indeed. But all the characters talk too much, and far too fancy.

WINDFALL IN ATHENS

(*Cameo-Polytechnic*)

AN artless, pleasing little comedy from Greece, somewhat on the lines of France's *Antoine et Antoinette* and Italy's *Sunday in August*. All about a summer day in Athens; a morning bathe, a stolen lottery ticket, a row and reconciliation between the two young people who claim to have won the prize. Technically a bit unfinished, for Greece has no long tradition of cinema, and badly sub-titled, but full of light and air, with a young star (Helle Lambetti) who shows a real gift for pose and timing.

Our Christmas Gift Supplement

Happy Christmas Morning

. . . and Christmas morning is a happy time, to which, however old we may be, we ever look forward with the cheerful anticipation of a child. There are still a good many shopping days till this year's Christmas morning, and on the following pages we give suggestions for Christmas Gifts for every member of the family. In the above picture, the mother wears a delightfully cosy housecoat in pale blue, soft tweed, lined with fine wool-jersey—something that would make a very welcome gift, from Fenwick's, at 6½ gns. The little girl wears a "Clydella" floral-patterned nightdress (at Harrods, price 27s. 9d.) Coloured sheets and pillow-cases, trimmed with broderie anglaise, by Everwear Candlewick, are in sets ranging from 82s. 6d. to £6 19s. 6d., from Selfridges and leading stores. The bedspread in Candlewick tufting and satin, costs £8 19s. 6d., from leading stores. The adorable teddy-bear, price £3 17s. 7d., from Fortnum and Mason.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

Some Christmas

DISTINCTIVE

Lace-edged silk umbrella, £7 12s. 6d. from Swaine, Adeney, Brigg. *Left :* *Miss Dior* perfume, £15 ; Liberty printed silk square, £1 12s. 9d. ; Black crocodile handbag, £55 7s. 6d. from Finnigans ; Lace-edged handkerchief; £3 12s. 6d., from Fortnum's ; Silver compact, £7 15s. from Mappin and Webb ; Three jewel-topped lipsticks in case, by Revlon, 12s. 6d. *Right :* Black calf peep-toe shoes, 89s. 9d. from Russell and Bromley ; Gold parrot clip, £16 10s. at Finnigans ; Black and white corduroy gloves, 30s. 6d., French of London ; Gold bracelet, £65, Finnigans ; Leather-covered cigarette-case and lighter, £4 2s. 6d. and £3 15s. from Dunhill's.

Top : From Floris, in delicious flower scents, perfume and coffret of Toilet Water and Toilet Powder, £2 12s. 6d. and £1 13s. 6d. Every woman would love to have the beautiful, permanently pleated Terylene nightdress, with lace-trimmed bodice, about £9 from Dickins and Jones. The velvet-and-gilt waste-paper basket costs £1 17s. 6d. from Harrods. *Centre :* In silver and hand-painted enamel, a four-piece brush set, £52 10s. from Mappin and Webb. *Right :* Heart-shaped and pretty, a small head-pillow, in organdie and lace, 4 gns., from Fortnum and Mason. In a gift box lined with quilted satin, *Ritual*, toilet water by Charles of the Ritz, price 27s. 6d.

Left :

Beautifully embroidered in organdie, for the house-proud, tablecloth, mats and table napkins, in a range of shades, at varying prices, from £4 11s. 6d. upwards, from Liberty. *Left :* In smoke-coloured glass, a large and lustrous flower vase, £6 10s. from Harrods. *Centre :* In fine bone china, these pieces are from a Royal Worcester 22-piece tea-set in *Roanake* pattern, price £10 5s. 9d., from Gered. Pieces may also be collected individually. *Right :* A large Pyrex casserole dish, price 11s. 6d. And to give glamour to the housewife herself, an attractive bottle of *Miss Dior* Eau de Toilette, price 67s. 6d.

Gifts for Women

COLOURFUL

Against a background of holly and candles, we show a white mohair evening stole, brilliantly embroidered, by Dorville, price 15 gns., from Harrods. Add to this a white brocade evening handbag from a wide range at Liberty, this one costing £10 14s. Scarlet suède evening gloves, £4 19s. 6d., from Harrods, match up with a red cashmere evening sweater, pearl-embroidered, by Ballantyne, 11 gns., from Harvey Nichols. Encircling the glove is a bracelet, partnering the necklace lying across the sweater, and the ear-clips and brooch on the stole. These are a gold-and-citrine suite, in contemporary fashioning, from Garrards. Suggestions for beauty gifts, are a double-ended jewelled lipstick, by Elizabeth Arden, price 27s. 6d.; a box of Yardley's "Bond Street" dusting powder, 14s. 3d.; and Guerlain's perfume, "L'Heure Bleu," in sizes from 63s. Tiny blue guest tablets of soap, scattered in the holly, are Lentheric's "Royal Rose," 5s. 10d. for six tablets. A turquoise-blue "Dorothy-bag" sponge-bag, lined with pink, costs 17s. 6d., from Harrods.

Some Christmas

COLOURFUL

In the background we show a roll of tweed, from which a length cut for a suit or sports jacket would be a welcome gift. From Hunt and Winterbotham, Bond Street. Pigskin gloves, with a detachable cashmere lining, £4 15s., from Liberty. A tie is a difficult gift for a woman to choose, but Jacqmar have a wide range from about 35s. A hamper, with six bottles of different wines, costs 7 gns., from Fortnum and Mason. For the tea or coffee drinker, an outsize cup and saucer, 16s. 8d., from Harrods. The fisherman may welcome a Fibre-glass salmon rod, 13 gns., or a salmon-fly tin, 20s., filled with flies at varying prices, from Ogden Smith's. Suède slippers, 5 gns., from Fortnum's; and the suède jerkin, ribbing-edged, comes from Harrods, at £7 19s. 6d. A silk scarf, cashmere-lined, costs £4 10s., from Liberty. For the "sweet-tooth," we suggest honey in an Italian jar, £1 5s. 6d., from Fortnum's; and a box of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. For the fastidious, Lentheric's After-shave Lotion and Brilliantine, at 7s. 6d. a bottle.

Gifts for Men

DISTINCTIVE

Left :

Men of all ages are undoubtedly difficult to choose gifts for, but always show extreme gratitude when something they really need is discovered for them. We show (*centre*) a folding Sports Seat in pigskin and steel that is strong and comfortable and is easily carried in its own case (*left*), price 89s. 6d., from Russell and Bromley. Cigarettes are always popular, and Player's " No. 3," 19s. 7d. for 100, may be packed in a seasonable carton. Also for the smoker, 5 Macanudo Souvenir Cigars, 21s. The onyx ashtray, £4 7s. 6d. from Alfred Dunhill, will please both cigar and cigarette-smoker. For the traveller, Lentheric's De Luxe travel case, fitted with brilliantine, soap, shave-cream, cologne and after-shave lotion, costs £4. Essentially designed for the sports or handyman but in danger of being taken up by a wife or sister is the pen-sized *Lubristyl* for easy and spill-free oiling, price 12s. 6d. from Ogden Smith.

Right :

Centre : A classic, stout and strong shooting-stick in leather and chromium that hides a small umbrella, on the principle of the old-time sword-stick. From Swaine, Adeney, Brigg, price £15. *Left :* A pig-skin covered folding Map-case, easily used in the small space of a car, price £2 10s., from Mappin and Webb. To match it in pig-skin and chromium, and also ideal for the traveller, a spirit flask, 35s. 6d., from Russell and Bromley. Also pig-skin covered, well-stocked and zip-fastened, are a tool-case, 72s. 6d., from Harrods. (This again may easily be purloined by the females of the family) and a clothes brush, fitted with overnight needs, 45s. 6d., from Russell and Bromley.

Left :

A wallet is an ever-useful gift, and this leather case lined with watered silk comes, at 55s., from Russell and Bromley. Also in leather, are a well-finished cigarette-case (*left*), 37s. 6d., and a cheque-book cover (*right*), 13s. 6d., both again from Russell and Bromley. The fine pewter mug (*top*) is a tobacco jar, which could be used, if desired, to hold beer instead of tobacco. It comes at £6 10s. from Alfred Dunhill. To go with it, for the smoking connoisseur, is a root briar churchwarden pipe, £5 4s. from Dunhill's, as is the onyx table lighter (*below left*), £9 12s. 6d. Socks are always a useful if more prosaic gift, and these socks from Simpsons, price 19s. 6d., are both hard-wearing and cheerful in colour. From Floris, comes the coffret (*centre*) of after-shave lotion and shaving cream, pleasantly scented, price 1 gn.

Nice, 1954 : by Genevieve Gallibert.
(*Ohana Gallery.* £30.)

Fall : by Aldo Pagliacci.
(*Arthur Jeffress' Gallery.* 27 *guineas.*)

Bagni di Lucca : by Edward Lear.
(*Leger Galleries.* 35 *guineas.*)

Paintings as Christmas Gifts

SOME Christmas gifts are evanescent and impersonal—like chocolates and champagne. But in giving pictures, we give, not only pleasure and utility too, but something of ourselves. " Yes, isn't it beautiful," our friends may say years later. " X gave it to us."

Although pictures are usually expensive, a number of galleries will be showing paintings this December of a price range that brings them within reach of our pockets. Many of these will be water-colours. The Trafford Gallery in Mount Street will be showing the decorative Beatonesque work of Philippe Jullian. At the Ohana Gallery in Carlos Place, you may see the more straightforward water-colours of Frederick Bennington. Prices for both these shows are likely to range between 10 and 30 gns.; the Bennington pictures will be shown in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund. There will also be a miscellaneous exhibition at the Ohana Gallery, from which we reproduce a water-colour by Genevieve Gallibert.

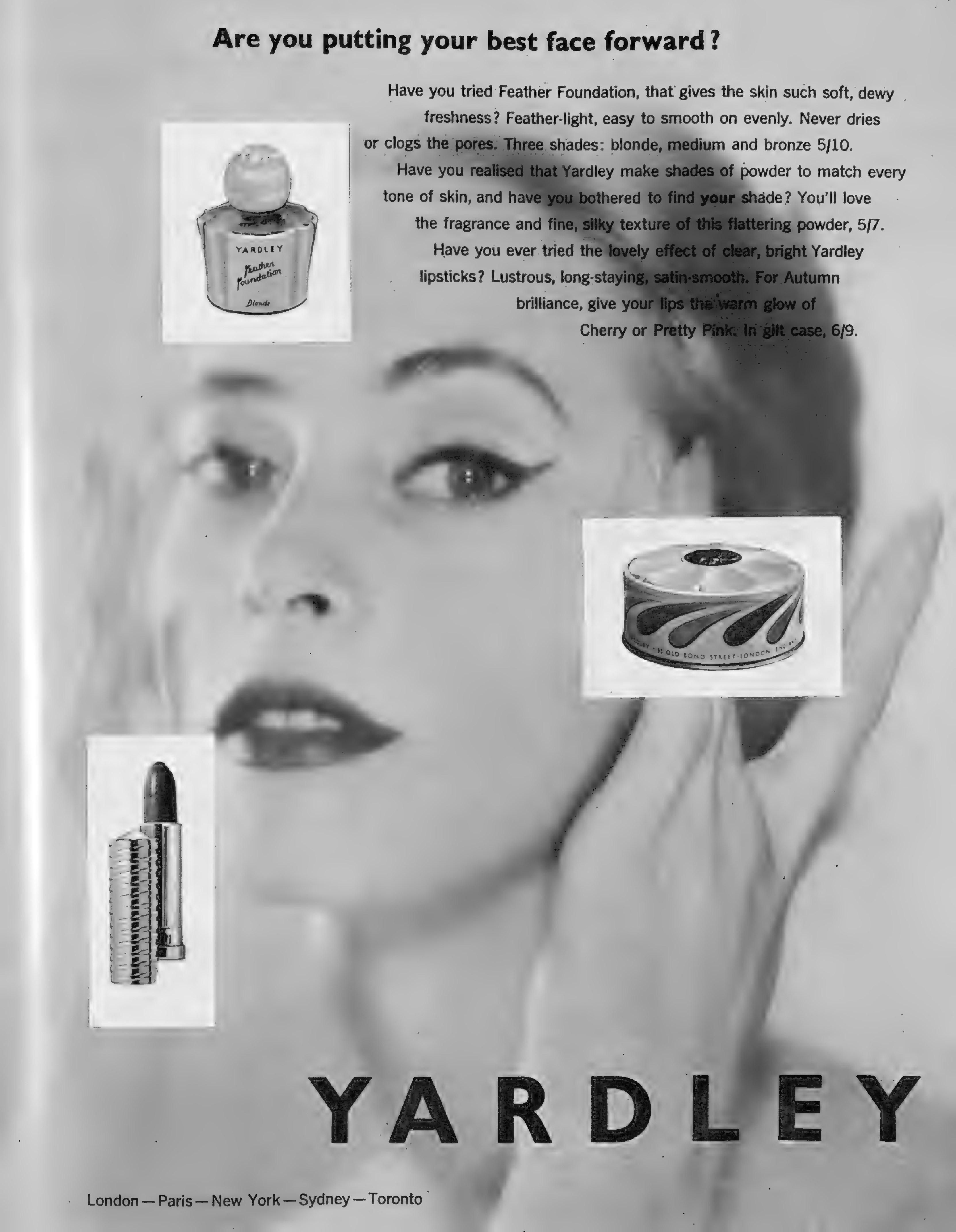
More water-colours, with some drawings and sporting prints, are at Agnew's, and the Leger Galleries have an exhibition of early English water-colours, ranging from 800 gns. down to 10. The Fine Art Society is also showing water-colours—Bruce Lockhart's paintings of countryside and mountains range from 15 to 25 gns. All three galleries are in Bond Street.

In Cork Street, Messrs. Roland, Browse and Delbanco have a number of small oils at 8 gns., and the Redfern Gallery has an excellent collection of lithographs. Flower prints are at the Marlborough Gallery in Bond Street, a miscellaneous Christmas collection of lithographs and pottery at the Zwemmer Gallery in Litchfield Street, with prices from 4 to 30 gns.

Special exhibitions are at the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square, which are showing work executed at the British Art School in Rome, where artists on special awards spend from one to two years, and at the Wildenstein Galleries in Bond Street, who specialise in Old Masters, but hold an annual Show of contemporary English artists whom, they feel, ought to be encouraged. This year's painters include William Hallé (who is at present working as a night telephone operator in Battersea) and Desmond, Lord Harmsworth. Some less distinguished, though worthy, contemporary work is to be seen at the Mayfair Gallery in Bruton Street; most of the pictures cost between 10 and 20 gns.

The Arthur Jeffress' Gallery in Davies Street will show the oils of Aldo Pagliacci; this is what the gallery calls " magic realism "—painting that is so careful that it has the super-clarity of a dream. The African oils of Elsa Mez are to be seen in the entrance hall of the Beaux Arts Galleries in Bruton Place.

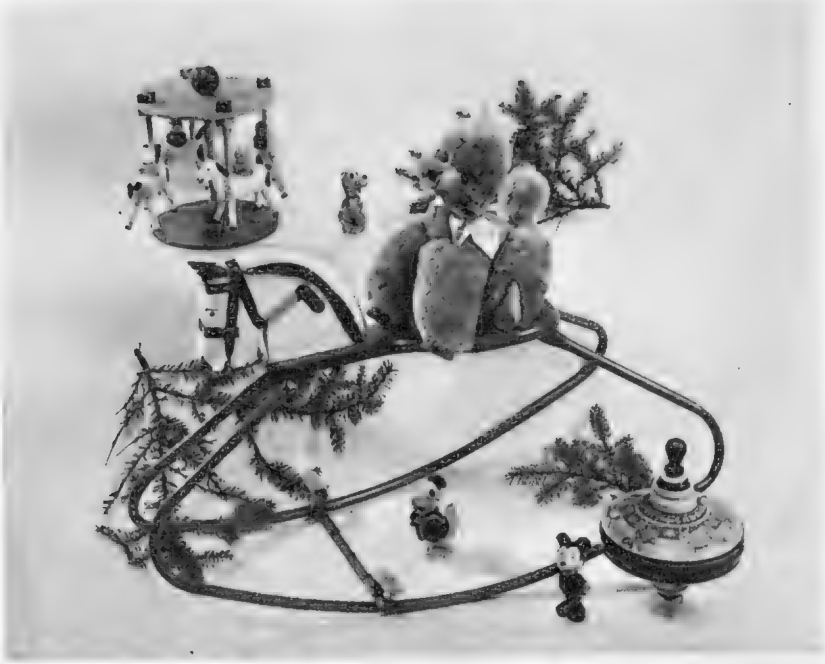
African Landscape : by Elsa Mez.
(*Beaux Arts Galleries.* 16 *guineas.*)


Are you putting your best face forward?
Have you tried Feather Foundation, that gives the skin such soft, dewy freshness? Feather-light, easy to smooth on evenly. Never dries or clogs the pores. Three shades: blonde, medium and bronze 5/10.
Have you realised that Yardley make shades of powder to match every tone of skin, and have you bothered to find **your** shade? You'll love the fragrance and fine, silky texture of this flattering powder, 5/7.
Have you ever tried the lovely effect of clear, bright Yardley lipsticks? Lustrous, long-staying, satin-smooth. For Autumn brilliance, give your lips the warm glow of Cherry or Pretty Pink. In gilt case, 6/9.
YARDLEY
Feather Foundation
Blonde
YARDLEY
London—Paris—New York—Sydney—Toronto

Christmas Gifts for Children

Gifts for children always give pleasure to the giver as well as the receiver, and this year's choice is wider than ever before. An attractive parrot (*above*) to hang benignly in the nursery, price £1 7s. 9d., from Liberty. A beautifully-dressed doll, soft and cuddly, with hands that wash, comes from Harrods, price £4 15s. Also from Harrods (*left*) a new game, *Astron*, that will be popular with older boys and girls who wish to play in the "World of Space," price £1 5s. *Centre :* A strongly-made reversible rocking-chair that can become firm on the ground or even run on tiny rollers, price £2 9s. from Liberty. The white curly poodle with red lead is also Liberty's, at £2 16s. 6d. *Right :* For the little girl who helps around the house, a set of brushes and mops, *Mother's Help*, £1 2s. 6d. from Harrods.

All children (and parents, too) love a model theatre, and here is one with footlights that work, and scenery, characters and props for two plays. All, complete with battery, for 87s. 6d., from Hamley's. *Above :* The lovable, floppy and silly donkey, Antonio, comes from Harrods, price £1 5s. 11d., and the telephone that really rings costs 12s. 6d. from Hamley's. *Right :* For the older child who likes to make things, *Highway Pioneers*, a make-for-yourself set of vintage cars, with a sample, *below*, price £2 13s. 6d., from Harrods.



For a young child, a gaily-painted roundabout that whirls around, price 39s. 11d. from Fortnum and Mason. *Centre :* The deliciously fluffy poodle astride the horse costs 59s. 6d., also from Fortnum's. The rocking-horse itself, strong and prancing, costs 21s. 9d. from Liberty. From Hamley's comes the Choral Top (*right*), 10s. 6d. The Walt Disney figures, Pluto, Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse, are in Cusson's soap, price 2s. 10d., 3s. 6d. and 3s. 4d.

Christmas for him
Above: French lawn handkerchief with woven stripe, hand-rolled hem 9/6
Italian silk scarf 28" x 50", paisley-patterned, plain-bordered; mushroom, cherry, light navy, gold or white. Exclusive to us 4 gns
MEN'S DEPARTMENT: GROUND FLOOR
Roll-up toilet case in fabric lined with strong plastic; maroon, green or black all with gold 14/6
HABERDASHERY: LOWER GROUND FLOOR
Below: English capeskin gloves in dark tan lined with lambswool 3 gns
GLOVES: GROUND FLOOR
Above: Double-decker pigskin zippered case with wet pack base, folding mirror, stud box and manicure set £6.15.0
Pigskin case with mirror, stud box, manicure set 4 gns
Square pigskin stud box with manicure set in the lid £4.15.0
Pigskin-covered spirit flasks, 6 oz 50/-, 8 oz 55/-
Handsome handcut English crystal ashtray 21/6
GIFTS: GROUND FLOOR GLASS: SECOND FLOOR
Gifts like these, pages like these — our Christmas catalogue is full of them. It does your Christmas thinking for you (you could actually do all your shopping from your fireside) with some 200 or so gift ideas for everyone on your list. It's pretty, gay and colour-blessed — both fun in itself and full of inspiration. Ask for your free copy right away — a 'phone call, a card or a note will do.
HARVEY NICHOLS
HARVEY NICHOLS & CO LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1 (SLOANE 3440)
AND COMMERCIAL ROAD BOURNEMOUTH (PHONE 1055)

Christmas Gifts for Motorists

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

FATHER CHRISTMAS has arrived in many of the large shops and stores. In my own district I watched with interest to see which establishment would be first with Christmas Cards, and so far as I know one beat the rest with a display in September! Just how soon we shall see the clash of August Bank Holiday and Christmas goods I don't know, but it will happen one year, I am sure. But now we are well into November, we can without stretching things think seriously of Christmas gifts, and I always look round the Accessories at the Motor Show with this in mind.

Something for the car is no bad answer to the annual problem of what to give. And there are hosts of useful items to choose from which would give pleasure to the recipient. To start with, for a Christmas-tree present there are the novel key tags which are miniature number plates, with your own car number in the usual raised letters and numbers. Known as *Kar Kee Tag*, this costs only 4s. and it is a useful novelty.

I place comfort high in any requirement list, so perhaps a few suggestions for adding to drivers' or passengers' comfort would be useful. Bench-type front seats are admirable, but they do tend to cause passengers to slide about. So something like a "*Driveese*" arm-rest is a good thing. This is adjustable for height, and wide enough for both driver and passenger to rest on. Made by Litelugs Patents Ltd., it sells for 57s. 6d.

Safety comes very high in any list of musts for a motorist, and one aid to both safety and comfort that has come my way takes the form of some special night-driving glasses. They are made by the Fish Optical Company, and the shatter-proof lenses are yellow in tint and are carried in a handsome frame. But what really matters is that they have a remarkable quality of improving vision when driving in bad light and that trying period around dusk. All manner of obstacles show up clearly, and I think a present of a pair of these *Roadmaster* night-driving glasses would be first-rate.

Maybe something a little more technical would please the enthusiastic car-owner. He will already know the value of keeping the engine running at a reasonably high temperature, and so one of the *Imperial* radiator blinds made by Broadfields Garage and Engineering would appeal to him. From 60s. to 85s., and available for almost every model, this blind fits close against the radiator and can be controlled at will from the driving seat; thus keeping the engine at the right temperature to suit the changing weather is a simple matter.

For the country dweller who cannot avoid getting mud on his shoes, the link mats made by Universal Mat Company strike me as being ideal. They can be had to fit any car; mud and dirt falls through the mesh and merely rests on the carpet, instead of being trodden in.

Then there is an attractive little book just published called *The Moving Spirit*. Published by Motor Racing Publications at a mere 5s., this book tells with very well-coloured pictures the story of how the motor-car grew up, and it does it very well indeed. The colour work is fine and the pictures are amusing and informative at the same time.

OTHER MATTERS MOTORING

THE Monte Carlo Rally is not far off, and already teams are busy with the work of preparation which makes all the difference to chances of success. At Earls Court I had a long talk with Ken Wharton, who has been appointed Competitions Manager to the Daimler Company. In itself, this is interesting news, for Mr. Wharton is one of the most versatile and skilled of competition drivers; and he brings to each event the maximum of thought and applied experience.

Daimlers are taking the Monte very seriously with a team of three *Conquest Century* cars. Mr. Wharton has had the job of selecting the team. With him in No. 1 car will go his usual co-driver in such events, Dutchman Jan Langelaan. The second car will be driven by Swiss champion Willy Daetwyler, and the third car by George Shanley, from Newcastle. There is also a ladies' prize car to be driven by Nancy Mitchel, with Lies van Strien, from Holland, as her co-driver.

I SEE that yet another little three-wheeled car called the *Gordon* is announced. This makes three new ones in the last few weeks, the other being Sidney Allard's and Air Vice-Marshal Bennett's. Well, I wonder. I am not so sure that the motoring public take very kindly to these little jobs, however economical they may be in operation. Somehow or other, most people manage to find the money for running a more normal car with more comforts. There are any amount of second-hand cars to be obtained at pretty low prices, and it seems to me that the majority will still adopt that method of car ownership and find the running costs somehow. But it is all very interesting, and it will remain to be seen just how right or wrong I am with this forecast.

MICHAEL CHRISTIE has been telling me about his conversion sets for Morris *Minors*. By raising compression ratio, altering carburation and rear-axle ratio and other items, the *Minor* is given higher maximum speed, better acceleration and, at the same time, better fuel consumption. This costs about £55, or £35 if you do the work yourself, and I gather quite a large number have been "treated." It is an interesting development and I gather that more models are being worked on, and their conversion sets will be out in due course. It casts no reflection on the makers, since it is obvious that they, too, could have done all this with their car, but only at a price! So now you can decide for yourself whether you prefer the maker's lower cost standard job or the revamped version at extra cost.

It all bears out the manufacturers' contention that we as a race do like wide diversity in our motoring. However many models there are to choose from, we still make it worth while for people to offer non-standard versions. And so it goes on. And by the time each of us has had a car and added this or that, well, there are just about 2½ million different cars on the roads of this country to-day. Which is as it should be!

By Appointment Motor Vehicle Manufacturers to the late King George VI Ford Motor Company Ltd.

Those who help to make an occasion great include the wealthy, the successful—and the discriminating. That is why so many examples of the Zephyr-6 are to be seen amid the bustle and excitement of arrival and departure on a great occasion.

FORD '5-STAR' MOTORING

The best at lowest cost

Donated to the P.D.S.A. for several years by a subscriber: the 1954 P.D.S.A. calendar-card. It is sent free to all subscribers and to anybody who writes for one to P.D.S.A. House, Clifford Street, London, W.1. The cards are sent to remind the public of the necessity of alleviating the suffering of animals. The P.D.S.A. is the only society founded exclusively for the free treatment of the sick animals of the poor.

Christmas Shopping Gift Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

Conveying more than Christmas greetings: one of the calendars sold in aid of the R.S.P.C.A. They cost 2s. each, and are post free. There are also delightful animal cards at 2s. 9d. a dozen and 4s. a dozen. All can be obtained from R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1. The money received for these cards helps the R.S.P.C.A. to maintain their numerous activities for sick and suffering animals.

Brighten up your Christmas correspondence and help a good cause: Christmas seals sold on behalf of the National Spastics Society. These seals, which cost 1d. each, or 10s. for a sheet of 120, can be obtained from Willa A. Moojen, 92, New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

One of a large series of delightful Christmas cards which are sold in aid of the Canine Fund of the Animal Health Trust: cocker spaniels with holly. These cards cost 8s. 6d. a dozen, plus postage; those in line drawing are 7s. 6d. a dozen. They can be obtained from Winnie Barber, Animal Health Trust, 14, Ashley Place, S.W.1.

CHRISTMAS should be a time for laughter, and presents designed chiefly to amuse are fun to send and to receive. In this category I place the largest match-box which I have ever seen—it is over a foot long and the 300 matches (safety variety) are immense; these are lit in the normal way by striking them on the side of the box, but after use they can be kept and used as spills.

* * *

An ice-crusher which incorporates a cocktail shaker would make a handsome present. It is strongly made of cast aluminium coated with ivory-coloured enamel, and the crushing mechanism is made of stainless steel. You can have your ice either coarsely or finely ground by adjusting the crushing teeth. The red plastic container for the crushed ice can be detached and fitted into the chromium cover at the top of the machine—which has a special sieve in it—and there is your cocktail shaker.

* * *

A table designed to have many uses in the home struck me as being the kind of present most families would welcome. This table, which is strongly made by a well-known firm, can be adjusted to any height between 21 ins. and 30 ins. by pressing the two buttons on the legs and sliding the top up or down to the position required. The top is made of wood, the legs are of steel, enamelled cream, and the projecting foot (in one with the legs) is designed to fit under beds, chairs and so on. The result is that the table is ideal for use as a bed-table, or for letter-writing from your armchair, or for a snack meal.

* * *

Whether you are hunting for Christmas presents for others or a present for yourself, I recommend a visit to Floris's fascinating shop in Jermyn Street, London, where you will be greeted with a host of perfumes ranging from English Bluebells to New-Mown Hay. There are also soaps, bath essences, scented sachets, perfumes for burning and ladles for burning them in, and gift coffrets of various preparations. For less than ten shillings you can buy a generous "handbag" size bottle of perfume. Nelson once occupied chambers over the Floris shop, which still has a receipt made out to one of his admirals for a number of toilet requisites, including pomade, hair powder and soap.

* * *

Among the many Christmas coffrets now in the shops are some in a particularly attractive range which was only introduced last May. These are Dorothy Gray's Wedgwood series with the bottles and boxes in the classic style of the traditional Wedgwood jasper ware. The perfume is contained in a flask of blue and white jasper made by Josiah Wedgwood and Sons and is a collector's piece in itself.

I always think that it is much more difficult to find presents for men than for women unless one is prepared to spend a considerable sum. In the less-than-a-pound group I've found one which I think most men would be happy to receive—this is a tie and sock set in Munrospun wool. The sock is shrink-resisting and has a reinforced heel (though this is more likely to appeal to his wife!). There are six good colours to choose from, and they are nicely packed.

* * *

I rather suspect that if you send a man a pair of invisible braces he may at first think that you are suffering from an early dose of Christmas spirits, or that you think that his intelligence is on a par with that of Hans Andersen's Emperor whose new clothes provided a surprise. But I can assure you, and him, that you would be wrong, for these braces are completely tangible but are worn under the shirt instead of over it; they give absolute freedom of movement and perfectly safe "suspension," and mean that the wearer can remove his coat without revealing a pair of ugly-looking braces. The braces fit on to two buttons and are fastened through the shirt. This sounds rather disastrous to the shirt, but a kindly "guinea-pig," who has worn the braces for several months now, assures me that his shirts are none the worse and that having worn these braces he would now use no others!

* * *

A new constructional outfit which should provide hours of amusement for any young boy or girl is called "*Playstics*," and consists of sticks made of plastic with holes and knobs on them which can be joined one to another in an infinite variety of ways to make models of anything from chairs or tables to giant wharf cranes and jet aircraft.

* * *

A present which I think would be certain to delight any boy is also one of the most intriguing things I've seen during my Christmas treasure hunt. It is a metal garage with cars and petrol pumps and, chief delight, it has an inspection ramp which is worked by an "hydraulic" lift. "Petrol" (inflammable content roughly equivalent to H_2O!) can be squirted from the pumps.

* * *

Small children usually hate to be given a collective present: an individual present —however small—is much more popular. But for a family which includes children in their teens a good game is generally welcome. Despite the attractions of television, family games are gaining steadily in popularity, and this Christmas there are several excellent ones to choose from. One of these is the American word-making game "*Scrabble*," which is for two, three or four players. Letter tiles, with various score values, are used to form interlocking words, crossword fashion, on a playing board. No two games are alike, and the playing provides a balance between skill and chance which is exciting but, paradoxically, a pleasant relaxation.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

Giant match-box: 12s. 6d.; Robert Jackson of Piccadilly.

"*Pinguin*" ice-crusher: 89s. 6d.; Peter Jones; Staines Kitchen Equipment; Fortnum and Mason.

Staples Cantilever Table: 77s. 6d.; John Lewis; Heals.

Floris perfumes and gift coffrets: ranging in price from the handbag size perfume at 9s. 6d.; Floris, 89, Jermyn Street, S.W.1.

Dorothy Gray's Wedgwood Perfume: 7 gns.; Wedgwood coffrets from 31s. 6d.; Harrods and leading stores.

Munrospun tie and sock set: 18s. 9d.; Army and Navy Stores.

"*Crafton*" invisible braces: 9s. 6d.; Army and Navy Stores.

"*Playstics*": 5s. 11d.; 8s. 11d. and 15s. 11d.; Hamleys.

Esso garage with pumps and inspection ramp: 67s. 6d., plus 1s. 3d. for battery; Hamleys, Fortnum and Mason.

"*Scrabble*": 18s.; Harrods.

CHARNOS

for Christmas... (that's a bright idea!)

Whether she's 16 or 60 she'll bless you for giving her Charnos at Christmas. And when *he* wants to give you nylons he'll find just the type you want from the wonderful range of Daytime and Evening Charnos.

DAYTIME

Commonsense—medium-weight nylons for daily wear

No-run—mesh nylons that cannot ladder

Sheer Joys—sheer nylons for round the clock occasions

Sturdies—extra-strong heavy-weight crepe nylons

EVENING

Moonbeams—ultra-sheer nylons with the accent on glamour

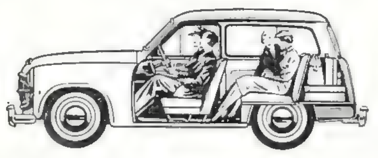
Finesse—the finest of all

Fancy Free—the newest fashions in decorated nylons

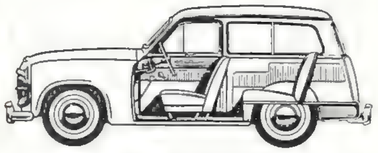
Here they are in their pretty Christmas wrappers!

NEW *Double Duty* HILLMAN at a low price

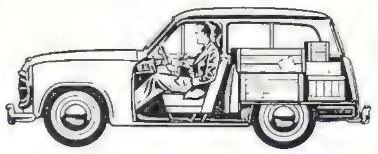
Comfort and grace... Estate car space —and 40 m.p.g!



There's ample room to seat 4 people in comfort plus 250 lbs. of luggage.



All the attraction and amenities of a smart private saloon—and the practical service of a sturdy load carrier.



Fold down the rear seat and there's room for 5 cwt. of bulky goods and comfortable travel for two.

By day the versatile new Hillman Husky is a sturdy 5 cwt. load-carrier. In the evening it's a smart 4-seater family saloon! Comfortable rear seats, neatly folded into the floor, are responsible for this transformation. The Husky has a virile engine that easily meets the Hillman standards of reliability. Design is practical and handsome. Price is low, running cost economical, and at 40 m.p.g. under a wide variation of speed, load and road conditions the Husky is a brilliant answer to more than one motoring problem. Here is the ideal way of serving your business and pleasing the family! Ask your dealer for a free trial NOW.

£398 plus purchase tax £166.19.2

White-wall tyres, over-riders and stainless rimfinishers, available as extras

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP

The Hillman Husky

DOUBLES BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD. COVENTRY   LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD. DEVONSHIRE HOUSE PICCADILLY, W.1

ON SALE TO-MORROW.

. . . . and best wishes from us all for a very happy Christmas!

WHAT an excellent present for friends abroad is "The Sketch" Christmas Number! It may not be as immediately welcome as a yacht or a diamond necklace, but where could you get diamonds for 3s. 6d., which is the price of our Christmas Number? Besides, yachts pall, diamonds lack variety, while we have compiled an album of memorable moments, well calculated to dispel the post-prandial torpor of Christmas afternoon. Let us tell you something about the contents:

The Stories *are by Michael Innes (whose witty detective novels have given great joy to addicts of the genre), L. P. Hartley (author of* The Go-Between, *which was said to be the best novel of 1953), and Eric Keown,* Punch's *drama critic, who wrote the story on which* The Ghost Goes West *was based.*

The Colour Pages *show four beautiful women as painted by Rubens, Augustus John, Lawrence and Annigoni: three winter paintings by Breughel the Younger, Lucien Pissarro and Alexandre Jacob; four pages of colour photographs of the famous Lilian Lunn collection of miniature figures.*

Our Critics *contribute a portfolio of private nightmares. Henrietta writes a Christmas Letter. There is a food article by S. Rossiter-Shepherd.*

Joke Drawings and Illustrations *are by Ronald Searle, Anton, Jensen, ffolkes, Varney, Ionicus, and a gallery of "Sketch" artists.*

"The Sketch" Christmas Number will appear to-morrow (November 18th). You can order one from all newsagents, or from the Circulation Manager, "The Sketch," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, W.C.2, at 3s. 10d. (including postage).

The Perfect Gift—A Benson Watch

Whatever you give you will find the watch of your choice at Benson's—an outstanding treasured possession, combining excellence of design with the superb craftsmanship that has made Benson quality so famous for over a century. Credit facilities are available at no extra cost.

Benson's have a wide range of steel, gold and diamond-set models for men and women. Benson catalogues can be sent on request. Prices range from as little as £7.17.6.

OPEN 9-1 SATURDAYS

Benson

of Old Bond Street

J. W. BENSON LTD · 25 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON W1 *in association with* **HUNT & ROSKELL LTD**

All services by VISCOUNT

GENEVA	**£26.4.0** **£18.4.0*** TOURIST RETURN	
ZURICH	**£27.17.0** **£19.7.0*** TOURIST RETURN	

** Special night tourist return, available from December 17 for weekend travel only.*

Switzerland for winter sports; and BEA for Switzerland! BEA operate frequent daily services to Geneva and Zurich from London Airport. And you fly BEA Viscount non-stop, every time; with 4 turbo-prop engines for faster, smoother flying in pressurized comfort. You're there in just over 2 hours; with convenient rail connexions for most resorts and centres. And remember, BEA tourist return fares—besides being agreeably low—include refreshments, 44 lbs. baggage free, *everything* from airport to airport and there are no tips. Special rates for skis and sticks. Details and reservations from your Travel Agent; or from BEA, Dorland Hall, 14-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. GERrard 9833.

BEA

fly BEA

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

For further information please apply to your TRAVEL AGENT or to the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2

I love

APRY

the liqueur of the **Apricot**

Made by

MARIE BRIZARD

who also make the perfect Creme-de-Menthe-liqueur of the mint!

A. WANDER LTD.
OVALTINE MANUFACTURERS

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

Drink delicious

OVALTINE

The World's most popular Food Beverage

—and note the Difference

P.840A

Every Boy & Girl would be *thrilled* with a

PHILLIPS

TRICYCLE or BICYCLE

for Christmas!

There is no finer Christmas present than a Phillips Tricycle or Bicycle. They are built to the same traditional Quality and Craftsmanship which have made Phillips adult models—'Renowned the world over.' The range includes Tricycles, Kiddies, Minors, Juvenile and the New Junior Sports model.

Available in a range of flamboyant colours, on rust-proof "Bonderised" surface. All models obtainable on E.P. terms if required. Fully illustrated catalogue sent free on request.

PHILLIPS CYCLES LTD., SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM, 40

The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.	**3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.**
2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.	**4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.**

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

**To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.*

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS, CLUBS AND BARS

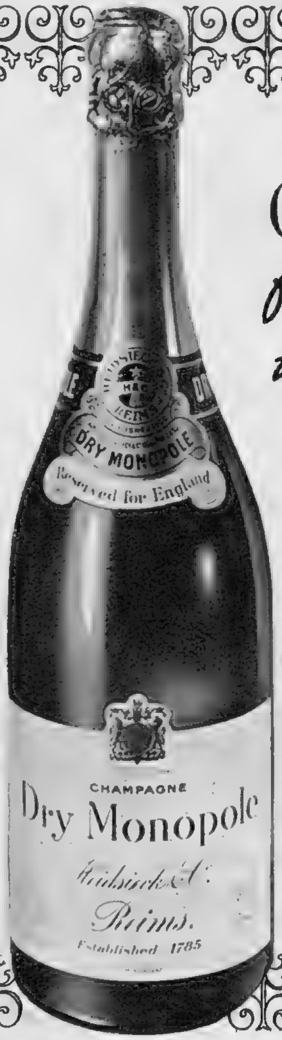
Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Oval Rd., Regents Park, London, N.W.1. Sole distributors in U.K., W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd

"Ah! SANDEMAN SHERRY
—I couldn't wish for better wine"

SANDEMAN "APITIV"
Pale in colour, a distinctly dry fino, Apitiv, as its name implies, is the perfect prelude to a meal. 19/- per bottle.

SANDEMAN "BROWN BANG"
A glass of Brown Bang, nice full-bodied oloroso, makes a delightful break in any day. 22/- per bottle.

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LIMITED, 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4



Champagne—
for the gracious way of Life

Whilst it is agreeable to know that Dry Monopole Champagne continues to maintain world-wide popularity wherever good taste and pleasure meet, it is particularly heartening to learn that Dry Monopole is still accorded the highest esteem by those hosts and hostesses whose guests — diverse in character and conversation though they may be—are united in a sense of values and the possession of a finely discriminating taste.

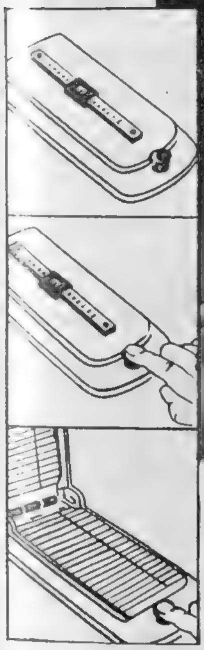
Champagne
Dry Monopole

TWISS & BROWNINGS & HALLOWES LTD · SUFFOLK HOUSE · 5 LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL · LONDON · E.C.4

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars

The same fine quality Havana wrappers are used for both brands of cigars.

An Ideal Xmas Gift



Press the button and the Stratton FONOPAD opens at the page bearing the phone number you want. Nicely packed in coloured carton with Xmas band. An ideal Gift. 3 models.

De Luxe Model 210 moulded in Black, Cream, Walnut or Maroon/Grey. 24/6

Plastic Model 213 shown, in Black or Cream. 19/6

Junior Model 215 Black or Cream metal. 16/9

Stratton MADE IN ENGLAND FONOPAD REGD.

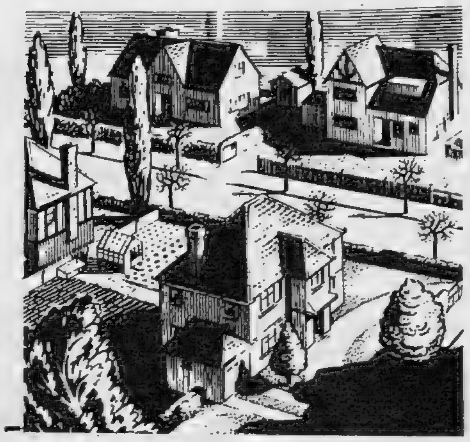
Available from Stationers, Stores, and through all W. H. Smith & Sons Branches.

If difficulty in obtaining write the Manufacturers:

JARRETT, RAINSFORD & LAUGHTON LTD., BIRMINGHAM 14

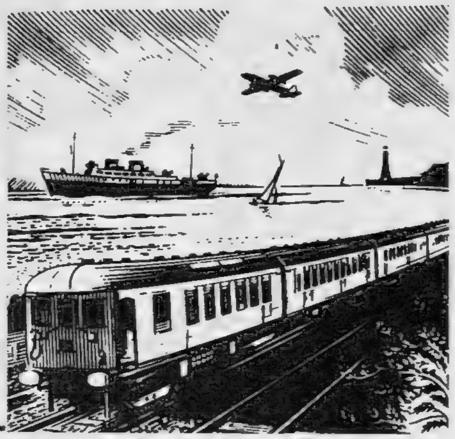
Haig

in every Home



Haig

for every Service



Haig

for every Occasion

Stick to Scotch—and give it a name ...

Don't be Vague ask for Haig

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

"...and one for the HOME!"

There is only one BEST

Choose BOOTH'S DRY GIN

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K.

Bottle 33/9 · *Half Bottle* 17/7 · *Qtr. Bottle* 9/2 · *Miniature* 3/7

BY APPOINTMENT GIN DISTILLERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

A holiday in South Africa

Let us help you plan in advance

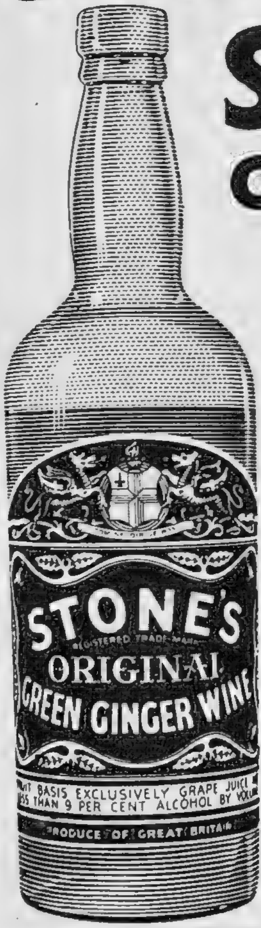
The Travel Bureau of the South African Railways is well placed, through practical experience and intimate knowledge of the Union, to advise visitors where to go and what to see.

More than that. It can relieve you of all the tedious details of travel—tickets, hotel reservations and so forth—so that your trip glides forward smoothly and delightfully from the first day to the last.

Full information, advice and quotations gladly given free on application to Commercial Representative, South African Railways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London. Tel: Whitehall 4488.

SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

3 reasons for 1 bottle of STONE'S GINGER WINE



★ RUM & GINGER
½ Stone's Ginger Wine, ½ Rum—here's a drink to keep you warm and keep up your spirits!

★ WHISKY MAC
½ Stone's Ginger Wine, ½ Whisky—voted the drink of the year at thousands of parties.

SIP IT!
DRINK IT!
DRAIN IT!

It's GRAND to give . . .

Hawkins HANDYMIX

The Hawkins Handymix beats, mixes, whips to perfection, and in addition, mashes potatoes and other vegetables right at the stove. It has two gears for fast and slow rotation and three easily interchangeable stainless steel beaters. Attractively finished in a gleaming chromium and cream enamel—a wonderful time and labour saver.

PRICE COMPLETE £6.12.4

Ask your local dealer for easy payment terms, or write to:

HAWKINS OF DRURY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Accessible, in the heart of historic St. James's, yet but a little way from the hub of the world, the Stafford Hotel and restaurant are essentially for those who enjoy the good things of life without paying excessively for the privilege. Radio re-diffusion in every bedroom.

Lunch, dine or stay at

THE STAFFORD HOTEL AND RESTAURANT

St. James's Place, S.W.1

TELEPHONE: HYDe PARK 0111.

when the clans gather, it's

Grants

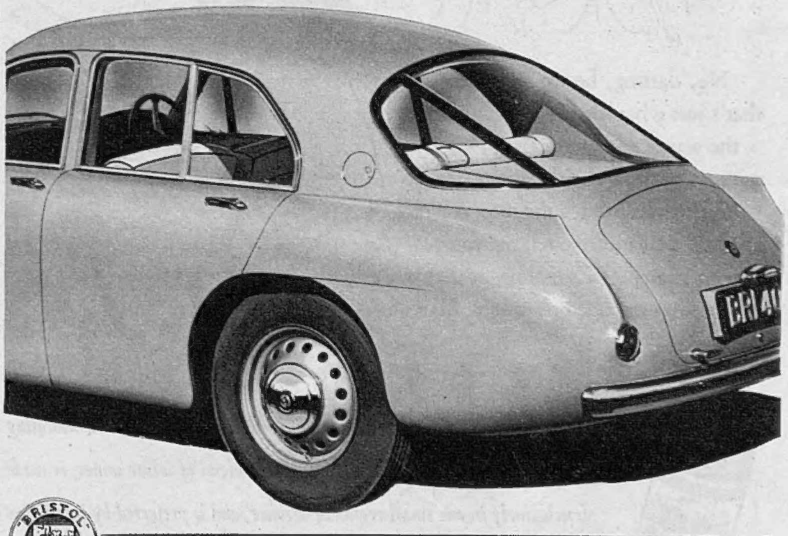
STAND FAST WHISKY

WILLIAM GRANT & SONS LTD · DISTILLERS · SCOTLAND

THE BRISTOL 405

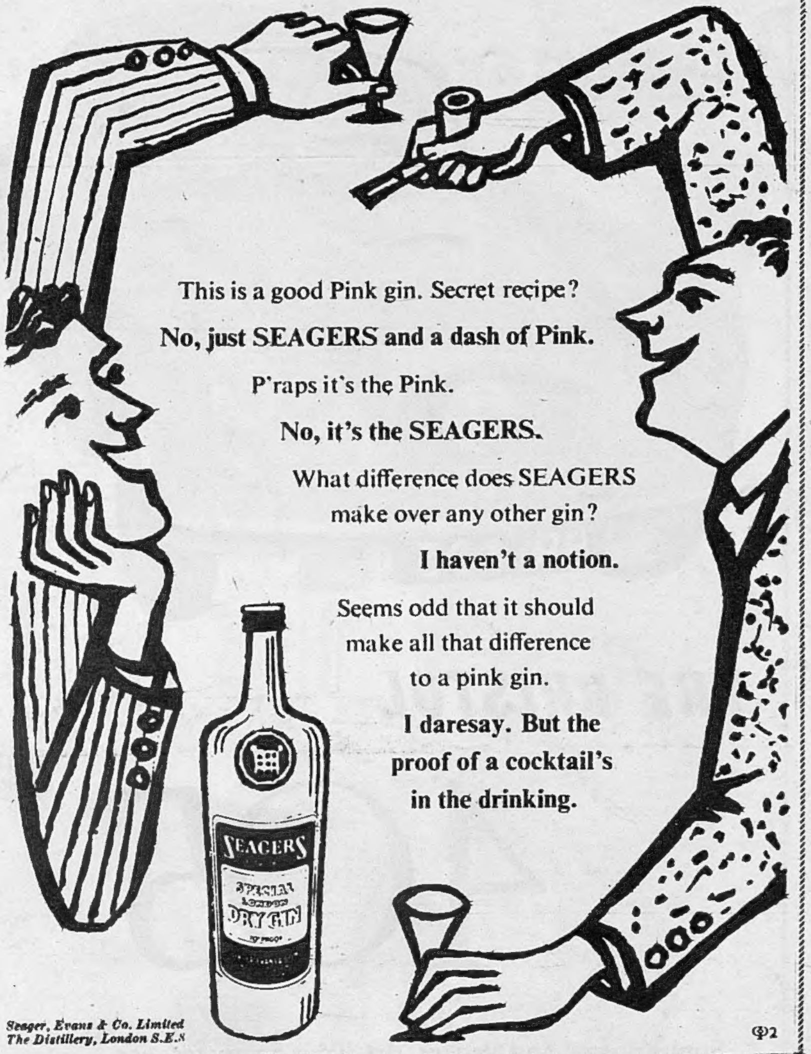
Sophisticated and elegant, the 405 is a very fast car with the ability to cover vast distances in astonishingly short times. The clean aerodynamic lines of the body give an entirely new experience in quiet motoring at great speeds, and the car reflects all the thoroughbred qualities of perfect manners, stamina and uncommon performance so rarely combined.

THE BRISTOL RANGE
- 403 Two-door Saloon
- 404 Two-door Sports Coupe
- 405 Four-door Saloon
- 405 Two-door Drophead Coupe
- Arnolt-Bristol Sports Car (Export only)

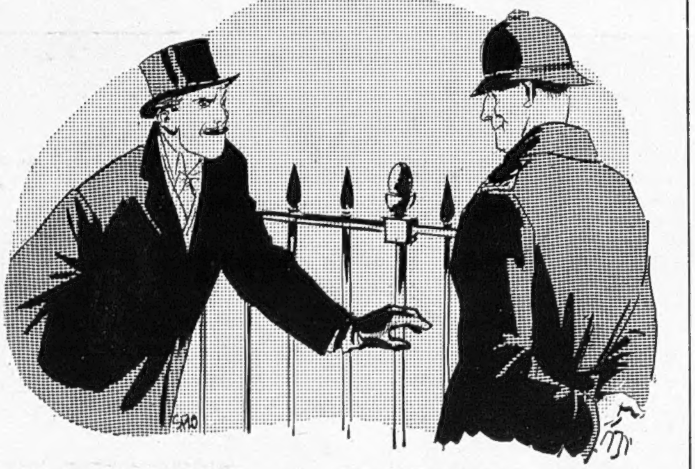


BRISTOL 2 LITRE

THE CAR DIVISION OF THE
BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY LIMITED, ENGLAND
London Showrooms: 80 Piccadilly, W.1.



CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



THICK NIGHT

"Tell me, officer, have you ever left a party, steered north up Bond Street, passed Eros on the south, tripped over a lion and found yourself due west of the Burghers of Calais?"

"*I beg your pardon, sir.*"

"To put it another way, a November night in London is like a dawn without Rose's. Very misty."

"*You refer to Rose's Lime Juice, sir? Only the other day the Superintendent was saying . . .*"

"Officer — tell him to stick to gin and Rose's the night before and he will remain, like I am, most orderly. Would you kindly direct me to the Underground?"

"*Certainly, sir. And I need hardly wish you a very good morning.*"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

FOR CHRISTMAS

The most welcome gift of all!

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 40/-

New York Agents: EXCELSIOR WINE CO., 150 BROADWAY

Take your cheque book with you . . .

WITH a current account at the bank and a cheque book in her handbag a woman can handle her money matters conveniently and safely. "Why a Woman needs a Banking Account" is a booklet which will be of interest and practical value to all women who are thinking of opening a current account. A copy may be obtained from any branch of Lloyds Bank.

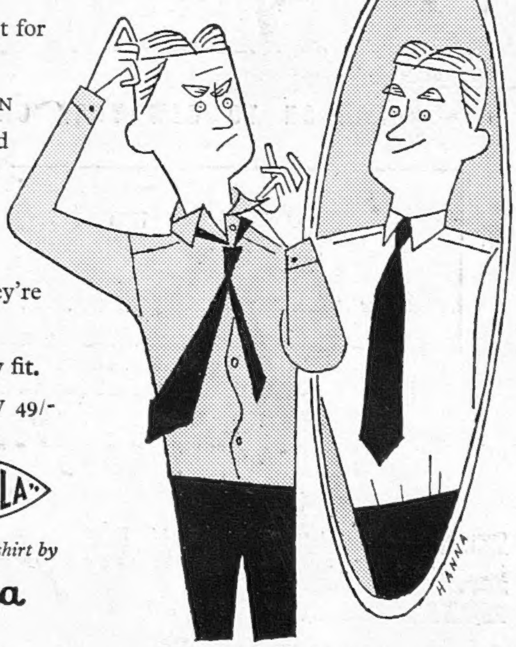
Let LLOYDS BANK

look after *your* interests

Are your shirts 'cockle-collared' or are they VANTELLA?

(with Van Heusen collars & cuffs)

Vantella shirts last for years—and in all that time their VAN HEUSEN collars and cuffs lose none of their smartness. Vantella shirts won't shrink. They're cut in coat style, with a very roomy fit. And they cost only 49/-



VANTELLA

English-made shirt by

Cotella

Pattern card available from: A/M, COTELLA, 1 LONG LANE, SE1

This luxury hotel flies the Atlantic every night!

THE Monarch

LONDON TO NEW YORK OR MONTREAL DIRECT

Save up to £28 . 13 . 0!

UNTIL 31ST MARCH:	New York return £228.12.0 instead of £257.5.0; Montreal return £220.18.0 instead of £248.5.0.

Also luxury "MONARCH" services from London to Cairo via Frankfurt (no off-season fare reduction).

B·O·A·C TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VIC 2323), 75 Regent St., W.1 (MAY 6611), or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool (see your Telephone Directory for details).

FLY BRITISH BY B·O·A·C

Downstairs lounge, double-decked "Monarch" Stratocruiser.

Fully-reclining seat for every passenger—courteous night-long service.

Delicious complimentary meals and mealtime drinks.

Foam-soft private berths (slight additional charge)—breakfast in bed, if you wish!

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, November 17, 1954. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.